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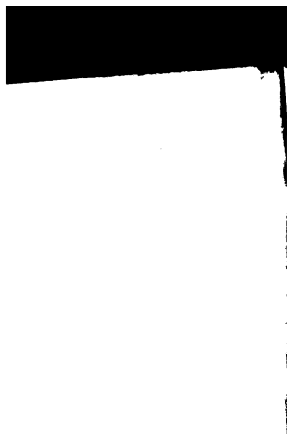
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*Thus she perverse withhold the loved boy,  
Cherish him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.*

*L. P. 1800. 1810*





OF  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,**  
*In Eight Volumes.*



*To day my Lord o' Hamlet and myself  
 Did what habited him as he lay alone  
 Under an Oak where shadows rest: we put  
 Upon the wood that brawls along the wood,  
 To the which place a poor soul came and stop,  
 That from the dead he had been a while  
 Did come to his grave by the way.*

**PHILADELPHIA.**

**H. Carey & Lea. & M. Carey & Davis.**

**1823.**





THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
**William Shakspeare,**

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

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GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH  
GLOSSARIAL NOTES,

AND

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

CONTAINING

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING....MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S  
DREAM....LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST....MERCHANT  
OF VENICE....AS YOU LIKE IT.

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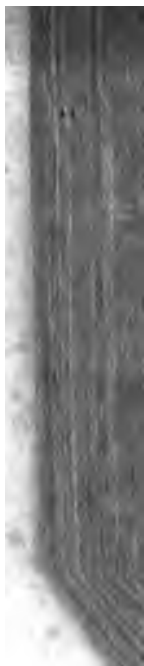
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**UCH ADO**  
**JT NOTHING.**



**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

*Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.*

*Don John, his bastard brother.*

*Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite to  
Don Pedro.*

*Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favourite like-  
wise of Don Pedro.*

*Leonato, governor of Messina.*

*Antonio, his brother.*

*Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.*

*Borachio, } followers of Don John.*

*Conrade, }*

*Dogberry, } two foolish officers.*

*Verges, }*

*A Sexton.*

*A Friar.*

*A Boy.*

*Hero, daughter to Leonato.*

*Beatrice, niece to Leonato.*

*Margaret, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

*Ursula, }*

*Messengers, watch, and attendants.*

*Scene, Messina.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.*

*Leonato.*

ARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon has this night to Messina.

He is very near by this; he was not three days when I left him.

How many gentlemen have you lost in the action?

Not a few of any sort, and none of name. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that he hath bestowed much honour on a young gentleman called Claudio.

He hath deserved on his part, and equally on his promise of his age; doing, in the time, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, out-uttered expectation, than you must tell me how.

With an uncle here in Messina will be great of it.

He hath already delivered him letters, and shown much joy in him; even so much, that he hath shown himself modest enough, without boasting.

(1) Kind.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.<sup>1</sup>

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness : There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

*Beat.* I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he is returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight :<sup>2</sup> and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet<sup>3</sup> with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady ;—But what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man :<sup>4</sup> but for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there

(1) Abundance.

(2) At long lengths.

(3) Even.

(4) A cuckold.

*Scene I.*      ABOUT NOTHING.

7

is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.<sup>1</sup>

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer<sup>2</sup> now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don Pedro attended by Balthazar, and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.*

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, you are come

(1) *Mould for a hat.*    (2) Quarrelsome fellow.



—I think, this is you.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you my child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. 'Tis true, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messieurs as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder, that you will still be talking of signior Benedick; no body marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are you still living?

*Beat.* Is it possible, disdain should die, when she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But I am certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted. And in my heart that I ha

could not make it worse, an  
yours were.

are a rare parrot-teacher.  
y tongue, is better than a beast

horse had the speed of your  
a continuer : But keep your  
I have done.  
nd with a jade's trick ; I know

the sum of all : Leonato,—  
signior Benedick,—my dear  
nvited you all. I tell him, we  
he least a month ; and he  
season may detain us longer :  
hypocrite, but prays from his

r, my lord, you shall not be  
id you welcome, my lord :  
ie prince your brother, I owe

ou : I am not of many words,

ir grace lead on ?  
nd, Leonato ; we will go to-  
*l but Benedick and Claudio.*  
lidst thou note the daughter

not ; but I looked on her.  
modest young lady ?  
stion me, as an honest man  
ple true judgment ; or would  
er my custom, as being a pro-  
tex ?

thee, speak in sober judg-

methinks she is too low for a  
i for a fair praise, and too lit-  
nly this commendation I can  
be other than she is, she were

. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak  
with a sad brow? or do you play the flout-  
er; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and  
a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall  
I take you, to go in the song?

*Id.* In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that  
looked on.

*Id.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see  
no matter: there's her cousin, and she were not  
loved with a fury, exceeds her as much in  
beauty, as the first of May doth the last of Decem-  
ber. But I hope you have no intent to turn hus-  
band, have you?

*Id.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had  
the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Id.* Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the  
doctor found one man, but he will wear his cap with  
a lion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-  
score again? Go to, i'faith; and thou wilt needs  
put thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it,  
and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is re-  
ady to seek you.

Scene I. ABOUT NOTHING.

part.—Mark, how short his answer is  
Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord : i  
'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid

*Claud.* If my passion change no  
forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her  
is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak i

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I s

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and t  
I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I l

*Bene.* That I neither feel how s  
loved, nor know how she should be  
opinion that fire cannot melt out of i  
in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an ob  
in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintair  
in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me  
that she brought me up, I likewise g  
humble thanks : but that I will ha  
winded in my forehead, or hang my  
invisible baldric,<sup>3</sup> all women shall pa  
cause I will not do them the wrong to  
I will do myself the right to trust n  
fine is (for the which I may go the  
live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I c  
with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness,  
ger, my lord ; not with love : prov

(1) The tune sounded to call off th

(2) Hunting-horn. (3) Girdle.

ped on the shoulder, and called Adam.<sup>1</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try :  
*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*

*Bene.* The savage bull may ; but i  
sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the b  
and set them in my forehead : and let m  
painted ; and in such great letters as  
*Here is good horse to hire*, let them sig  
my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick ti  
man.*

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, the  
be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not sq  
quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for th

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too t

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporiz  
hours. In the mean time, good signior  
repair to Leonato's ; commend me to hi  
him, I will not fail him at supper ; for,  
hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough  
such an embassy ; and so I commit y

Scene I. ABOUT NOTHING.

13

your conscience ; and so I leave you. [*Exit Bene.*]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir :  
Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

*Claud.* O, my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love :  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words :  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;  
And I will break with her, and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion !  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader  
than the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity :  
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once,<sup>1</sup> thou lov'st ;  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;

(1) Once for all.

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :  
Then, after, to her father will I break ;  
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :  
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato and Antonio,

Leon. How now, brother? where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached<sup>1</sup> alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appears itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.]

(1) Thickly interwoven.

*Scene III.* ABOUT NOTHING.

15

*SCENE III.—Another room in Leonato's house.*

*Enter Don John and Conrade.*

*Con.* What the goujere,<sup>1</sup> my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have a stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw<sup>2</sup> no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>3</sup> in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had

(1) *The venereal disease.*

(2) *Flatter.*

(3) *Dog-rose.*



*Bora.* I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*John.* Your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*John.* Will it serve for any model to build chief on? What is he for a fool, that betroth self to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*John.* A proper squire! And who, and which way, looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and he Leonato.

*John.* A very forward March chick! How come you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the proud Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference with me behind the arras; and there heard I that the prince should woo Hero himself, and having obtained her, give her to Claudio.

the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she is too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which-blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure

woman? He that hath no beard, is less youth; and he that hath no beard, is less man: and he that is more than a youth is me; and he that is less than a man, I am him. Therefore, I will even take sixpence earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell?

*Leo.* Well then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beat you to heaven; here's no place for you now*. deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint I the heavens; he shows me where the b sit, and there live we as merry as the day

*Ant.* Well, niece, [*To Hero.*] I trust, be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*. yet for all that, cousin, let him be a hand low, or else make another courtesy, and *ther, as it please me.*

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you  
... husband

you be not woo'd in good time : if the prince be too important,<sup>1</sup> tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle : I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering ; brother, make good room.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar ; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?<sup>2</sup>

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and especially, when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company ?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so ?

*Hero.* When I like your favour : for God defend,<sup>3</sup> the love should be like the case !

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

*Bene.* Which is one ?

(1) *Importunate.* (2) *Lover.* (3) *Forbidden.*

y Amen.

Marg. God match.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my way when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide its face? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. I was disdainful,—and that I have said in merry Tales;—

**Act I. ABOUT NOTHING. 21**

**I** then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am  
e, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded<sup>1</sup> me.

**Gene.** When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him  
at you say.

**Beat.** Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or  
on me; which peradventure, not marked, or  
laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and  
n there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool  
eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*]  
must follow the leaders.

**Gene.** In every good thing.

**Beat.** Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave  
m at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John,  
Borachio, and Claudio.*]

**D. John.** Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero,  
hath withdrawn her father to break with him  
at it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor  
ains.

**Bora.** And that is Claudio: I know him by his  
ring.<sup>2</sup>

**D. John.** Are not you signior Benedick?

**Claud.** You know me well; I am he.

**D. John.** Signior, you are very near my brother  
is love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you,  
unde him from her, she is no equal for his birth:  
may do the part of an honest man in it.

**Claud.** How know you he loves her?

**D. John.** I heard him swear his affection.

**Bora.** So did I too; and he swore he would  
ry her to-night.

**D. John.** Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

**Claud.** Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
ion, & these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—  
tain so;—the prince woos for himself.

**His tip is constant in all other things,**

**the office and affairs of love:**

**costed.**

(2) Carriage, demeanour.

Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, He

*Re-enter Benedick.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio ?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your *o* business, count. What fashion will you wear : garland of? About your neck, like a usure chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath *g* your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drow so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prin would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind ma 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll be the post.

*er Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato.*

*ro.* Now, signior, where's the count?  
e him?

*roth,* my lord, I have played the part of  
e. I found him here as melancholy as a  
warren; I told him, and, I think, I told  
that your grace had got the good will of  
lady; and I offered him my company  
y tree, either to make him a garland, as  
aken, or to bind him up a rod, as being  
be whipped.

*ro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?  
The flat transgression of a school-boy;  
g overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest,  
s companion, and he steals it.

*ro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgres-  
transgression is in the stealer.

et it had not been amiss, the rod had  
e, and the garland too; for the garland  
ave worn himself; and the rod he might  
w'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n  
nest.

*ro.* I will but teach them to sing, and  
m to the owner.

f their singing answer your saying, by  
you say honestly.

*ro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to  
gentleman, that danced with her, told  
much wronged by you.

), she misused me past the endurance of  
an oak, but with one green leaf on it,  
e answered her; my very visor began to  
e, and scold with her: She told me, not  
had been myself, that I was the prince's  
at I was duller than a great thaw; hud-  
upon jest, with such impossible convey-  
s me, that I stood like a man at a mark,  
sole army shooting at me: she speaks

(1) Incredible.



with all that Adam had left him before I  
gressed : she would have made Hercules  
turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club  
the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you s  
her the infernal Atel in good apparel. I v  
God, some scholar would conjure her ; f  
tainly, while she is here, a man may live :  
in hell, as in a sanctuary ; and people a  
purpose, because they would go thither ; so,  
all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow

*Re-enter Claudio and Beatrice.*

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any  
to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest  
now to the Antipodes, that you can devise  
me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now f  
farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length  
ter John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the  
Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to t  
mies, rather than hold three words' confere  
this harpy : You have no employment for m

*D. Pedro.* None that I can see.

Scene I.

ABOUT NOTHING.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to see.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—

Yea, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it is on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells me his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may

be world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's

than your grace ne'er a brother like you?

*Beat.* a phrase among the players.

B

Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days:—your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God-give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedict.

*Leon.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio,

time shall not go dully by us ; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know : thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain,<sup>1</sup> of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick :—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy<sup>2</sup> stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer ; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in Leonato's house.*

*Enter Don John and Borachio.*

*D. John.* It is so ; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord : but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord ; but so coverdly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

(1) Lineage.

(2) Fastidious.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend<sup>1</sup> a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty,

(1) Pretend.

that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice : Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. {*Exeunt.*

**SCENE III.**—*Leonato's Garden. Enter Benedick and a Boy.*

*Bene.* Boy,—

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that ;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]  
—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier ; and now is he turn'd orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well :

*Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord :—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord : the music ended, —  
We'll fit the kid-fox<sup>1</sup> with a penny-worth.

*Enter Balthazar, with music.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection :—  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;  
Yet will he swear, he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come :  
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
*There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.*

(1) Young or cub-fox.

31  
... and noting !  
... Divine air ! now is his soul [Music.  
... it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale  
souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my  
money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings.

I.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever ;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;  
To one thing constant never :  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blith and bonny ;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'  
Of dumps so dull and ho'  
The fraud of men -  
Since sum-



*Claud.* O, ay :—Stalk on, *[Exit]*  
*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that I  
would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful,  
that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom  
she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to  
abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?  
*[Aside.]*

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what  
to think of it; but that she loves him with an en-  
raged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.<sup>1</sup>

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit! There never was  
counterfeit of passion came so near the life of pas-  
sion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*[Aside.]*  
*Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—  
my daughter tell you how.

her affection known to

and swears she never will: that's  
arment.

ud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter  
*Shall I, says she, that have so oft encount-*  
*him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

m. This says she now when she is beginning  
te to him: for she'll be up twenty times a  
; and there will she sit in her smock, till she  
writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells

ud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, remem-  
pretty jest your daughter told us of.

n. O!—When she had writ it, and was  
it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice  
the sheet?—

That.

O! she tore the letter into a thousand  
; railed at herself, that she should be so  
to write to one that she knew would flout  
asure him; says she, *by my own spirit;*  
*ould flout him, if he writ to me; and*

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely, she will die : for she says, she will die if he love her not ; and she will die ere she makes her love known : and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it : for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper<sup>3</sup> man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do ; for the man doth

(1) *Thrown off.*

(2) *Contemptuous.*

(3) *Handsome.*

fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece : shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

*Benedick advances from above.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick : the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady ; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured : they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry :—I must not seem proud :—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness : and vir-

(1) Seriously carried on.

some odd quirks and remnants of wit  
me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice:—By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have

[Exit

## ACT III.

*VE I.—Leonato's Garden. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

*U.* Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour ;  
 shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
 ang<sup>l</sup> with the prince and Claudio :  
 er her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
 in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;  
 id her steal into the pleached bower,  
 honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
 the sun to enter ;—like favourites,  
 proud by princes, that advance their pride  
 t that power that bred it :—there will she  
 hide her,

an our propose : this is thy office,  
 ee well in it, and leave us alone.

*g.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, pre-  
 sently. [*E. it.*]

*U.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
 do trace this alley up and down,  
 k must only be of Benedick :  
 I do name him, let it be thy part  
 ise him more than ever man did merit :  
 t to thee must be, how Benedick  
 in love with Beatrice : of this matter  
 Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
 ly wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

*Enter Beatrice, behind.*

k where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
 y the ground, to hear our conference.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
 h her golden oars the silver stream,  
 sedily devour the treacherous bait :  
 we for Beatrice ; who even now

(1) Discoursing.

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.<sup>1</sup>

*Urs.*

But are you sure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed  
lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

*Hero.* O god of love ! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man :

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes

... she every man moved with all winds :  
... never gives to truth and virtue out ;  
... b simpleness and merit purchaseth.  
... Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.  
... No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,  
... trice is, cannot be commendable :  
... dare tell her so ? If I should speak,  
... ck me into air ; O, she would laugh me  
... yself, press me to death with wit.  
... let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
... away in sighs, waste inwardly :  
... better death than die with mocks ;  
... s bad as die with tickling.  
... tell her of it ; hear what she will say.  
... ; rather I will go to Benedick,  
... him to fight against his passion :  
... 'll devise some honest slanders  
... cousin with : one doth not know,  
... ill word may empoison liking.  
... not do your cousin such a wrong  
... so much without +  
... t and





rs. She's lim'd,<sup>1</sup> I warran you,  
caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :  
ie Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beatrice *advances.*

at. What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?  
tempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !  
No glory lives behind the back of such.  
ad, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;  
thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band :  
or others say, thou dost deserve ; and I  
believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A room in Leonato's house. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be  
announced and then I go toward Arragon.  
and if you'll

*Scene II.*      ABOUT' NOTHING.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slop;<sup>1</sup> and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears; hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath dy stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by reason of a beard.

*Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: smell him out by that?

*C.* That's as much as to say, the sweet in love.

(1) Large loose breeches.

ch, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now  
put into a lute-string, and now governed by steel.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for  
him: conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too; I warrant,  
that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in de-  
spite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face  
to the walls.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—  
I, signior, walk aside with me: I have studied  
eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which  
these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about  
his artifice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have  
this played their parts with Beatrice; and then  
two horses will not bite one another when they

...ne knows what  
...any impediment, I pray you

*O. John.* You may think I love you not ; let  
appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that  
will manifest for my brother, I think, he  
you well and in dearneſs of heart hath  
to effect your enſuing marriage : ſurely, ſuit  
it, and labour ill beſtowed !  
*Pedro.* Why, what's the matter ?

*John.* I came hither to tell you ; and, cir-  
ces ſhortened (for ſhe hath been too long  
of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Who ? Hero  
n. Even ſhe ; Leonato's Hero, your He-  
nan's Hero.

Diſloyal ?  
The word is too good to paint out her  
I could ſay, ſhe were worſe ; think  
ſe title, and I will fit her to it. Won-  
urther warrant : go but with me  
ll ſee her chamber-window  
t before her

*Dogb.* Nay, what ...  
them, if they should have any allegiance ...  
being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour  
*Dogberry.*

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless  
man to be constable.

*1 Watch.* Hugh Outcake, sir, or George Seacoal;  
for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God  
hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-  
favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write  
and read comes by nature.

*2 Watch.* Both which, master constable, ...

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your an-  
swer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God  
thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your  
writing and reading, let that appear when there is  
no need of such vanity. You are thought here to  
be the most senseless and fit man for the constable  
of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: this  
is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrant  
men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's  
name.

*2 Watch.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let  
him go; and presently call the rest of the watch  
together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden.

...more, and not to be endured.  
We will rather sleep than talk ; we  
longs to a watch.

, you speak like an ancient and most  
; for I cannot see how sleeping  
nly, have a care that your bills!  
Well, you are to call at all the ale-  
ose that are drunk get them to bed.  
if they will not?

en, let them alone till they are  
; you not then the better answer,  
e not the men you took them for.  
sir.

t a thief, you may suspect him,  
ce, to be no true man : and,  
the less you meddle or make  
more is for your honesty.  
now him to be a thief, shall  
im ?

our office, you may ; but I  
pitch will be defiled :  
you, if you do.



# Act III.

never answer

ge. You, con-  
own person ; if  
a may stay him.  
nk he cannot.  
t, with any man  
ay him : marry,  
: for, indeed, the  
and it is an offence

e so.  
asters, good night:  
ht chances, call up  
els and your own,  
labour.  
ve hear our charge:  
urch-bench till two,

onest neighbours: I  
or Leonato's door; for  
morrow, there is a great  
lant, I beseech you.  
Dogberry and Verges.  
and Conrade.

[Aside.

at thy elbow.  
elbow itched; I thought  
w.  
e an answer for that; and  
ale.  
e then under this penthouse.  
I will, like a true drunkard,  
Some treason, masters; yet

Con. No;  
Barn. See  
in this fashion  
is the hot blood  
ary? sometime, f  
where in the reeche  
le's priests in the  
is the shaven Ha  
s tapestry, where  
his club?

Con. All this I see  
ers out more appar  
in myself giddy wi  
at shifted out of th  
ation?

- (1) Unpractised in
- (2) Smoked.

va. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible, any villany should be so rich; for when such as have need of poor ones, poor ones may have what price they will.

a. I wonder at it,

va. That shows thou art unconfirmed: thou art, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a skirt, is nothing to a man.

a. Yes, it is apparel.

va. I mean the fashion.

a. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

va. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief the fashion is?

a. I know that Deformed; he has been a thief this seven year; he goes up and down the gentleman: I remember his name.

va. Didst thou not hear somebody?

a. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

va. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief the fashion is? how giddily he turns about a hot blood between



her mistress. — I tell this tale vilely :—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged: swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of villainy that ever was known in the comma

*Scene IV.*      ABOUT NOTHING

*SCENE IV.*—*A room in Leonato's*  
*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin  
and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well.

*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other  
better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good  
as that, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and though  
I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire<sup>2</sup> within  
if the hair were a thought brown  
your gown's a most rare fashion, it's  
the duchess of Milan's gown, that they

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth it's but a night  
spect of yours : Cloth of gold, and  
with silver : set with pearls, down  
sleeves,<sup>3</sup> and skirts round, underborn  
with tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, gra-  
cellent fashion, yours is worth ten ours.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it  
it is exceeding heavy !

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon, by  
a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed

*Marg.* Of what, lady ? of speaking  
Is not marriage honourable in a beg-  
your lord honourable without marriage  
You would have me say, saving your  
husband : an bad thinking do not  
speaking, I'll offend nobody : Is there

(1) A kind of ruff.

(3) Long-sleeves.

once else, here she comes.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill;—hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.<sup>1</sup>

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What—

... the only

... you prick'st her with a thistle.  
**Benedictus!** why Benedictus? you have  
swall in this Benedictus.

**U.** Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral  
; I meant, plain holy thistle. You may  
perchance, that I think you are in love:  
'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what  
nor I list not to think what I can; nor, in-  
cannot think, if I would think my heart  
hinking, that you are in love, or that you  
n love, or that you can be in love: yet  
; was such another, and now is he become  
e swore he would never marry; and yet  
espite of his heart, he eats his meat with-  
ing: and how you may be converted; I  
but methinks you look with your eyes  
men do.

hat pace is this that thy tongue keeps?  
ot a false gallop.

*Re-enter Ursula.*

Act III.

MUCH ADO

Marry, this it is, sir.

es, in truth it is, sir.

What is it, my good friends?

Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off

er: an old man, sir, and his wits are not

as, God help, I would desire they were;

faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any

ing, that is an old man, and no honest

gb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,  
bour Verges.

on. Neighbours, you are tedious.

ogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we  
the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine  
a part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could  
d in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more  
an 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your  
worship, as of any man in the city; and though I  
be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.  
Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, except-  
ing your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple  
of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking;  
as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out:  
God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said  
i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a goo  
man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ric  
behind:—an honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my tro  
he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be w  
shipped: all men are not alike; alas, good nei  
bour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too shor  
you.

(1) It is worth seeing.

idious.

to say so, but we  
truly, for mine  
king, I could  
our worship.

ha!

nd times more  
a your  
ugh I

Leon. Drink so

E

Mass. My lord  
daughter to her h

Leon. I will w  
[

Dogb. Go, good  
Seacoal, bid him b  
gaol; we are now

Verg. And we n

Dogb. We will s  
here's that [Touch  
some of them to a n  
writer to set down ou  
me at the gaol.

AC

SCENE I.—The insid  
Pedro, Don John,  
Benedick, Hero, and

Leon. Come, friar Fra  
plain form of marriage, a  
particular duties afterwar  
Friar. You come hithe  
lady?

Cloud. No.

b. I do.

c. If either of you know any inward impediment, you should not be conjoined, I charge your souls, to utter it.

d. Know you any, Hero?

b. None, my lord.

c. Know you any, count?

b. I dare make his answer, none.

d. O, what men dare do! what men may do! men daily do! not knowing what they do!

c. How now! interjections? Why, then, of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

d. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

and with free and unconstrained soul  
see this maid, your daughter?

b. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

d. And what have I to give you back, whose worth,

interpoise this rich and precious gift.

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

d. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank-

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married,  
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof  
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say; If I have  
known her,  
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:  
No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too large;<sup>1</sup>  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:  
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so  
wide?<sup>2</sup>

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?  
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things  
are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True, O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

(1) *Licentious.*

(2) *Remote from the business in hand.*



one question to your

adly, power  
 or answer truly.  
 , as thou art my child.  
 how am I beset !—  
 All you this ?  
 er truly to your name.  
 ho can blot that name

farry, that can Hero ;  
 o's virtue.  
 th you yesternight  
 t twelve and one ?  
 wer to this.  
 at that hour, my lord.  
 re you no maiden.—

pon mine honour,  
 , grieved count,  
 t hour last night,  
 amber-window ;  
 : a liberal villain,  
 s they have had

Fie, fie ! they are  
 ot to be spoke of ;  
 in language,  
 m : thus, pretty lady,  
 government.  
 Hero hadst thou been,  
 had been placed  
 unsels of thy heart !  
 il, most fair ! farewell,  
 ous purity !  
 gates of love,  
 njecture hang,  
 ghts of harm,

tongue.

And never shall it more be gracious.<sup>1</sup>

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—  
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—  
friar!

*Leon.* O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero?

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly  
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?—  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?<sup>2</sup>  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
Who smirched<sup>3</sup> thus, and mired with infamy,  
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*  
*This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*

(1) Attractive.  
(3) Sullied.

(2) Disposition of things.

her foul tainted flesh :

*Irene.* Sir, sir, be patient :

my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
now not what to say.

*Leat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

*Irene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

*Leat.* No, truly, not : although, until last night,  
I've this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger  
made,

which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !

Could the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little ;

I have only been silent so long,

and given way unto this course of fortune,

noting of the lady : I have mark'd

thousand blushing apparitions start

on her face ; a thousand innocent shames

angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;

and in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

Scene I.

ABOUT NOTHING.

A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness ?  
*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accused o.  
*Hero.* They know that do accuse me ; I know  
none :

If I know more of any man alive,  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.  
*Friar.* There is some strange misprision<sup>1</sup> in the  
princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour ;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

*Leon.* I know not ; if they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her  
honour,

he proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
me hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
rage so eat up my invention,  
fortune made such havoc of my means,  
my bad life rest me so much of friends,  
they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
ty in means, and choice of friends,  
it me of them thoroughly.

Pause a while,  
t my counsel sway you in this case.  
daughter here the princes left for dead ;  
a while be secretly kept in,  
blish it, that she is dead indeed :  
a mourning ostentation ;  
our family's old monument

(1) Misconception.

MUCH ADO

Act IV.

mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will  
this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her be-  
half

change slander to remorse ; that is some good :  
but not for that dream I on this strange course,  
but on this travail look for greater birth.  
The dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,  
Of every hearer : for it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles<sup>1</sup> we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack<sup>2</sup> the value ; then we find  
The virtue, that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :  
When he shall hear she died upon<sup>3</sup> his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination ;  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he moun-  
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)  
And wish he had not so accused her ;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)  
In some reclusive and religious life,

(1) While.

(2) Over-rate.

(3) By

ald with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in griet,  
a smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the  
cure.—

me lady, die to live : this wedding day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and  
endure. [*Exe. Friar, Hero, and Leon.*]

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this  
while ?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of  
me, that would right her !

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship ?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it ?

man's office, but not yours.

as well as

at. Why then, God forgive me?  
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?  
at. You have staid me in a happy hour; I  
about to protest I loved you.  
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.  
at. I love you with so much of my heart, that  
is left to protest.  
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.  
Beat. Kill Claudio.  
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.  
Beat. You kill me to deny it: farewell.  
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.  
Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—there is  
no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.  
Bene. Beatrice,—  
Beat. In faith I will go.  
Bene. We'll be friends first.  
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than  
fight with mine enemy.  
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?  
Beat. Is he not approv'd in the height a villain,  
scorned, dishonoured my kins-  
—What! bear

there is  
2.

han

... I think you in your soul the count Claudio  
hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or  
soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge  
him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: by  
this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account:  
as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort  
your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so fare-  
well. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.—A prison. Enter Dogberry, Ver-  
ges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch,  
with Conrade and Borachio.**

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?  
*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?  
*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibi-  
tion to examine.  
*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be  
examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—

**(1) Noblemen. (2) A nobleman made out of sugar.  
Ceremony.**



—Masters, do you serve God.

*n. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*ogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve :—and write God first; for God defend but should go before such villains!—Masters, it is ed already that you are little better than false es; and it will go near to be thought so short—How answer you for yourselves?

*m.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*ogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sh; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is ight you are false knaves.

*lora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*ogb.* Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are in a tale: have you writ down—that they are e?

*exton.* Master constable, you go not the way to mine; you must call forth the watch that are ir accusers.

*ogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efiest way:—Let watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in

Scene II. ABOUT NOTHING.

65

and ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*1 Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

*2 Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in band!

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder: and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one

that hath two gowns, and every thing hand  
about him :—Bring him away. O, that I had  
writ down—an ass. [Exit

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's house. Enter*  
*Leonato and Antonio.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself  
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine  
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his wo the length and breadth of mine  
And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard  
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan  
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortunes dull  
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.  
But there is no such man : For, brother, men  
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :  
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow :  
*But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,*

*Scene I.*      **ABOUT NOTHING.**

To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing dif

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace : I will be flesh a  
blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher,  
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself  
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I w  
do so.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied ;  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince  
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastil

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of yo

*Leon.* Hear you my lords, —

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonat

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord ! — well, fare yo  
well, my lord : —

Are you so hasty now ? — well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, go  
old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrellin  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him ?

*Leon.* Marry,

Thou, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :

Nay — never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,

If I should give your age such cause of fear :

(1) Admonition.

another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then give him, ~~an answer~~  
last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more : I think, he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>1</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain; I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid<sup>d</sup> me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

(1) To give a challenge.

(2) Invited.

et r  
lour.

Scene I.

ABOUT NOT

ee :  
ain i

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles  
*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how  
wit the other day : I said, thou  
*True,* says she, *a fine little one :*  
*wit ; Right,* says she, *a great gro-*  
*I, a good wit : Just,* said she, *I*  
*Nay,* said I, *the gentleman is wis-*  
*she, a wise gentleman : Nay,* said  
*tongues ; That I believe,* said she,  
*thing to me on Monday night, whil-*  
*on Tuesday morning ; there's a de-*  
*gether, trans-shape thy particular vir-*  
*last, she concluded with a sigh, tho-*  
*properest man in Italy.*  
*Claud.* For the which she wept hea-

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did ; but ye  
hat, an if she did not hate him deadly, sh  
ve him dearly : the old man's daughter tol  
*Claud.* All, all ; and moreover, *God sa-*  
*en he was hid in the garden.*  
*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the s  
s horns on the sensible *Benedick's head ?*  
*lick the married man.*  
*Fare you well, boy ; you know my mi-*

leave you now to your gossip-like humou  
ik jests as braggarts do their blades, whic  
hanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your man  
; I thank you : I must discontinue you  
; your brother, the bastard, is fled from  
you have, among you, killed a sweet and  
dy : for my lord Lack-beard, there, he  
meet and till then, peace be with him.

*He is in earnest.* [Exit *Benedick.*  
most profound earnest ; and, I'll war-  
e love of *Beatrice.*  
nd hath challenged thee ?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let be ; pluck up, my heart, and be sad !<sup>1</sup> Did he not say my brother was fled ?

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance ; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

*Claud.* Hearken to their offence, my lord !

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done ?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things : and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood : What's your offence ?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count

(1) Serious.

kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed<sup>1</sup> me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villany they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this ?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :—

And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter : and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

*Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes : That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him : Which of these is he ?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

(1) Incited.

D



A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience  
Yet I must speak : Choose your revenge yourse  
Impose<sup>1</sup> me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I ;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live  
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,  
Possess<sup>2</sup> the people in Messina here  
How innocent ~~she~~ died : and, if your love  
Can labour ought in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—  
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,  
Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not;  
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;  
But always hath been just and virtuous,  
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

[ Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in  
raise of my beauty ?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man  
ving shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth,  
you deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me ? why,  
all I always keep below stairs ?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's  
mouth, it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils,  
which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not  
hurt a woman ; and so I pray thee, call Beatrice.  
give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of  
our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put  
the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous  
weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who,  
[ Exit Margaret

Scene II. ABOUT NOTHING.

77

pet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.<sup>1</sup>—

*Enter Beatrice.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes<sup>2</sup> my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

(1) Holiday phrases.

(2) Is subject to.

[ ADO

*Act V.*

heart, I think ; alas ! poor  
my sake ; I will spite it  
ver love that which my

oo wise to woo peaceably.  
1 this confession there's  
5 twenty that will praise

stance, Beatrice, that lived  
abours if a man do not  
tomb ere he dies, he shall  
ent, than the bell rings,

is that, think you ?  
Why, an hour in clamour,  
Therefore it is most expe-  
on Worm, his conscience,  
the contrary,) to be the  
es, as I am to myself: So  
f (who, I myself will bear  
) and now tell me, How

ou ?

ve me, and mend : there  
here comes one in haste.

r Ursula.

must come to your uncle ;  
ome : it is proved my lady  
y accused, the prince and  
ed ; and Don John is the  
d and gone : will you come

near this news, signior ?  
thy heart, die in thy lap, and  
; and, moreover, I will go  
's. [Exeunt.

1) Stir.

*ENE III.—The inside of a church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and attendants, with music and tapers.*

*Clau.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Itten.* It is, my lord.

*Clau.* [*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,  
Was the Hero that here lies :  
Death, in guerdon<sup>1</sup> of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies :  
So the life, that died with shame,  
Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.  
Praising her when I am dumb.—*

*¶, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.*

SONG.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;  
For the which, with songs of wo,  
Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan ;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily :  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.*

*Clau.* Now, unto thy bones good night !  
Yearly will I do this rite.

*Don Pedro.* Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :

*The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray :*

(1) Reward.

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds :

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this wo !

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE IV.**—*A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.*

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated :

But Margaret was in some fault for this ;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd :

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior ?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

## 8

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

**Leon.** My heart is with your liking.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with attendants.*

**D. Pedro.** Good morrow to this fair assembly.

**Leon.** Good morrow, prince; good morrow,  
**Claudio;**

**We here attend you; are you yet determin'd  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?**

**Claud.** I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

**Leon.** Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*]

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter.

**That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?**

*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—  
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold.  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;  
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's  
cow.

And got a calf in that same noble feat,  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies mask'd.*

**Claud.** For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.



sic.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife,  
thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend th  
one tipped with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en  
flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll  
vise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike  
pipers.

[*Drum*  
[*Exeunt*

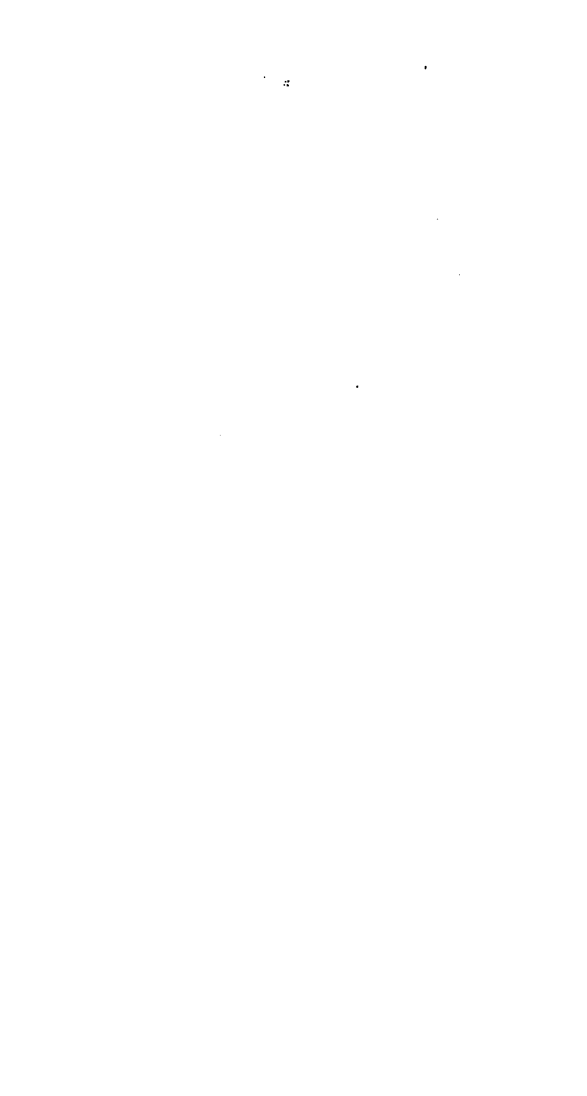
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This play may be justly said to contain two  
the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare e  
drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentlem  
and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It i  
be lamented, indeed, that the first and most spl  
did of these distinctions, is disgraced by unne  
ness: for the goodness of his hear

or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

*Much Ado About Nothing* (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.



A  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S  
DREAM.

RESENTED.

*Hermia.*

*revels to Theseus.*

*Amazons, betrothed to*

*s, in love with Lysander.*  
*trous.*

*ies.*

*ies.*

*ow, a fairy.*

*in the interlude, per-*  
*the Clowns.*

*their king and queen.*

*cus and Hippolyta.*

*ood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'  
DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and attendants.*

*Theseus.*

NOW, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.  
*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.*

Go, Philostrate,  
tir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
wake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
on melancholy forth to funerals,  
a pale companion is not for our pomp.—  
[*Exit Philostrate.*

*Hipolyta,* I woo'd thee with my sword,  
won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
I'll wed thee in another key,

The. Full of vexation come  
Ege. Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her:—  
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,  
Thou hast bewitch'd the bosom of my child:  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,<sup>2</sup> conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; messengers,  
Of strong prevailment in unhardn'd youth:  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;  
I beg, if mine, I may dispose of her:  
—either to our law,

...the society of n  
Therefore, fair Hermia, c  
Know of your youth, exa  
Whether, if you yield not  
You can endure the livery  
For aye! to be in shady clo  
To live a barren sister all y  
Chanting faint hymns to the  
Thrice blessed they, that ma  
To undergo such maiden pill  
But earthlier happy is the ro  
Than that, which, withering  
Grows, lives, and dies, in sing  
Her. So will I grow, so live  
Ere I will yield my virgin pat  
Unto his lordship, whose unwise  
My soul consents not to give so  
The. Take time to pause: an  
moon

The sealing-day betwixt my love  
For everlasting bond of fellowship  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will  
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he

(1) Ever.



*Ege.* SCORNFUL BY DEMETRIUS.

And what is mine my love shall render him;  
And she is mine; and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted<sup>1</sup> and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
I have some private schooling for you both.

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty, and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* *Thes.* *Hip.* *Ege.* *Dem.* and *train.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of rain; which I could well beteein them<sup>1</sup> from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read, Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth:

But, either it was different in blood;

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied<sup>2</sup> night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross;

Is due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Vishes, and tears, poor fancy's<sup>3</sup> followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, *Hermia.*

I am a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

In Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

<sup>1</sup> Give, bestow.    (2) Black.    (3) Lovers.

And she respects me as her only son.  
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
 Cannot pursue us: if thou lov'st me then,  
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
 And in the wood, a league without the town,  
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
 To do observance to a morn of May,  
 There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!  
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;  
 By his best arrow with the golden head;  
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;  
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
 In number more than ever women spoke;—  
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love: look, here comes  
 Helena.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
 Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
 Your eyes are lode-stars;<sup>1</sup> and your tongue's sweet  
 air  
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
 Sickness is catching; O were favour<sup>2</sup> so!  
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art

(1) Pole-stars.

(2) Countenance.

Her never vantage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass  
(A time that lovers' sights doth still conceal,  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal,

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* *Hermia*.]

*Lys.* I will, my *Hermia*.—*Helena*, adieu:  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* *Lysander*.]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!

IF I HAVE MISSES, IT IS A DEAR EXPENSE :

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

*SCENE II.—The same. A room in a Cottage.*

*Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the

(1) *Spart.*

(2) *Eyes.*

play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll : Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready : name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest :—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant : I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split-

“ The raging rocks,  
 “ With shivering shocks,  
 “ Shall break the locks  
 “ Of prison-gates :  
 “ And Phibbus’ car  
 “ Shall shine from far,  
 “ And make and mar  
 “ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty !—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein ; a tyrant’s vein ; a lover’s more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

“ O L. II.

E

*Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy  
Thisby dear ! and lady dear !*

*Quin.* No, no ; you must play Pyramus, and,  
Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's  
mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's  
father ;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—  
and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written ? pray  
you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing  
but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that  
I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will  
roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar  
again, Let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you  
would fright the lady.

Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as  
 we shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,  
 gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs  
 love Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard  
 were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-  
 coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your  
 purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-  
 colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair  
 at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But,  
 masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat  
 you, request you, and desire you, to con them by  
 to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood,  
 a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will  
 we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall  
 be dogg'd with company, and our devices known.  
 In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,<sup>1</sup>  
 such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse  
 more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains;  
 be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.<sup>2</sup> [*Exe.*]

## ACT II.

*SCENE I.—A wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy  
 at one door, and Puck at another.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale;

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

(1) Articles required in performing a play.

(2) At all events.

790208 A



In those freckles live  
must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob<sup>2</sup> of spirits, I'll be gone;  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night;  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling:  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her  
joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen.<sup>3</sup>  
But they do square;<sup>4</sup> that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and make  
quite,

and knavish sprite,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck :  
Are not you he ?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright ;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me :  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough ;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress :—'Would that he  
were gone !

**SCENE II.**—*Enter Oberon, at one door, with  
his train, and Titania, at another, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon ? Fairy, skip hence ;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton ; Am not I thy lord ?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady : But I know  
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India ?  
But that forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

(1) Wild apple.



Do you amend it then; it lies in you:  
should Titania cross her Oberon?  
but beg a little changeling boy,  
my henchman.<sup>3</sup>

a. Set your heart at rest,  
airy land buys not the child of me.  
Mother was a vot'ress of my order:  
in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
telling the embarked traders on the flood;  
and we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:  
each she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
showing her womb, then rich with my young  
'squire,)

ould imitate; and sail upon the land,  
fetch me trifles, and return again,  
from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
for her sake, I do rear up her boy:  
and I will not part with him.

Since once I sat upon  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin -  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
'That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
'To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.*

**I remember.**

*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou could'st not,) Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;  
And loose'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower,—  
Before, milk-white ; now purple with a  
wound.—

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

the herb I show'd thee c

up the liquor of it in her eyes :  
 At thing then she waking looks upon  
 A lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 A madding monkey, or on busy ape,)  
 Will pursue it with the soul of love.

I take this charm off from her sight  
 And take it, with another herb,  
 And render up her page to me.  
 Who comes here ? I am invisible ;  
 I'll over-hear their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
 I am Lysander, and fair Hermia ?

I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
 Had'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.  
 I am I, and wood ! within this wood,  
 I cannot meet with Hermia.

Get thee gone, and follow me no more.  
 You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;  
 You draw not iron, for my heart  
 Is steel : leave you your power to draw,  
 I shall have no power to follow you.

Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?  
 No, do I not in plainest truth  
 Tell—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?  
 And even for that do I love you the more.  
 As your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,  
 If you beat me, I will fawn on you :  
 But as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
 Kill me, lose me ; only give me leave,  
 As I am, to follow you.

For a place can I beg in your love  
 At a place of high respect with me,)  
 To be used as you use your dog ?  
 Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;  
 I am sick, when I do look on thee.  
 And I am sick when I look not on you.

(1) Mad, raving.

E 2.

ill counsel of a desert;  
 ; rich worth of your virginity.  
 Your virtue is my privilege for that  
 night, when I do see your face,  
 ere I think I am not in the night :  
 th this wood lack worlds of company ;  
 u, in my respect, are all the world :  
 now can it be said, I am alone,  
 all the world is here to look on me ?  
 1. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
 leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.  
 2. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
 when you will, the story shall be chang'd ;  
 Illo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;  
 dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind  
 res speed to catch the tiger : bootless speed !  
 en cowardice pursues, and valour flies.  
 Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go :  
 if thou follow me, do not believe  
 I shall do thee mischief in the wood.  
 Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
 do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !  
 scandal on my sex :  
 do :

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.*

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips<sup>1</sup> and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush<sup>2</sup> woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it, when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care; that he may prove  
More fond on her, than she upon her love:  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. *[Exeunt.]*

*SCENE III.—Another part of the wood. Enter Titania, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel,<sup>3</sup> and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some, war with rear-mice<sup>4</sup> for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep  
back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders

At our quaint spirits:<sup>5</sup> sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

(1) The greater cowslip. (2) Vigorous.

(3) A kind of dance. (4) Bats. (5) Sports.



orus. *Fullonies, &c.*  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:  
Beetles black; approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offences.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*]  
Do it for thy true love take;  
And languish for his sake:

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it :  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;  
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;  
For, lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

*Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily :—  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off ; in human modesty  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :  
So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :  
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty !  
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
press'd ! *[They sleep.]*

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence ! who is here ?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear :  
This is he, my master said,

Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So awake, when I am gone ;  
For I must now to Oberon.

*Enter Demetrius and Helena, running*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Dem.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not  
me thus.

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling<sup>2</sup> leave me ? do

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go

[*Exit Dem.*]

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond cl

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies ;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling class of min

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what  
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshall to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou  
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,

WINTER-NIGHTS Act III

d to be her knight! [Exit]  
Help me, Lysander, help me

ling serpent from my breast!  
what a dream was here?  
ow I do quake with fear:  
nt eat my heart away,  
g at his cruel prey:—  
remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
ring? gone? no sound, no word?  
you? speak, an if you hear;  
es; I swoon almost with fear.  
ll perceive you are not nigh:  
you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

ACT III.

-The same. The queen of fairies  
P. Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom,  
it, and Starveling.

we all met?  
pat; and here's a marvellous con-  
for our rehearsal: this green plot shall  
this hawthorn brake our tyring-house;  
do it in action, as we will do it before

ter Quince,—  
What say'st thou, bully Bottom?  
ere are things in this comedy of *Pyramus*  
by, that will never please. First, *Pyramus*  
a sword to kill himself; which the ladies  
side. How answer you that?  
By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.  
I believe, we must leave the killing out,  
is done.

by all that is dear. (2) By our ladykin.  
dangerous.

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

(1) Terrible.

figure, or to present  
Then there is another thing : we must  
in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby  
says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

*Snug.* You never can bring in a wall.—V  
say you, Bottom ?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall :  
let him have some plaster, or some loam, or  
rough-cast about him, to signify wall ; or let  
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny  
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well : C  
sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse  
parts. Pyramus, you begin : when you have s  
your speech, enter into that brake,<sup>1</sup> and so  
one according to his cue.

*Enter Puck behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we  
gering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?  
What, a play toward ? I'll be an auditor ;  
perhaps, if I see cause.

*Thisby stand*

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*

*Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,  
Most briskly juvenal,<sup>1</sup> and eke most lovely Jew,*

*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee. Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues<sup>2</sup> and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

*Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.*

*This.* O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

*Pyr.* *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exit. Clowns.*]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery  
hem, to make me afraid.<sup>3</sup>

*Re-enter Snout.*

*Bot.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I  
see?

Young man.

The last words of the preceding speech,  
serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.  
*Snout.*



# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S *Act III.*

it. What do you see? you see an ass's head  
our own; Do you?

*Re-enter Quince.*

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art  
translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass  
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not  
stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk  
up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall  
hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The thrush with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery-bed? *[Waking.]*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay;*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a  
bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he  
cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move n  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have l  
reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, re  
and love keep little company together now-a-d  
the more the pity, that some honest neighbour  
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek;  
occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beaut

(1) *The cuckoo, with his uniform note.* (5

*Bot.* Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go ;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit, of no common rate ;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep :  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go ?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,<sup>1</sup>  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

(1) Gooseberries.

you, sir ?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I be  
patience well : that same cowardly, gian  
beef hath devoured many a gentleman  
house : I promise you, your kindred hath  
eyes water ere now. I desire you more  
ance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him ; lead h  
bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wa  
And when she weeps, weeps every little  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him a

**SCENE II.**—*Another part of the wood*  
Oberon.

*Obe.* I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;  
Then, what it was that next came in he  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Were met together to rehearse a play,  
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :  
 When I did him at this advantage take,  
 An ass's now!<sup>2</sup> I fixed on his head ;  
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
 And forth my mimic<sup>3</sup> comes : when they him spy,  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report  
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;  
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;  
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus  
                   strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :  
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;  
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things  
                   catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :  
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>4</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;  
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Obe.* Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loves you so ?

(1) Stupid company. (2) Head. (3) Actor.

(4) *Infected.*

*Act III.*

ld use thee

o curse.

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so grim.  
ok; and so

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, as clear,  
phere.  
where is he ?  
m me ?  
my hounds.  
v'st me past

n him then ?  
men !  
ay sake ;  
ng awake,  
rave touch ;  
uch ?  
ongue  
'stung.  
a mispris'd?

ll.  
he is well.

ten.

*Scene II.*

**DREAM.**

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I go  
fore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more  
And from thy hated presence part I so:  
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

*Dem.* There is no following her in that  
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow  
Which now, in some slight measure it will  
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Li*

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast it  
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love!  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one  
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than thou  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick<sup>1</sup> she is, and pale of cheek<sup>2</sup>  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood  
By some illusion see thou bring her here;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear

*Puck.* I go, I go; look, how I go;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow

*Obe.* Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

(1) Love-sick.

(3) Countenance

*Re-enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee;  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once, woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander and Helena.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should w  
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more a  
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'e  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weig  
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swor

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give h  
o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not y

*Dem.* [*Awaking.*] O Helena, goddess, nym  
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand : O let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

*Hel.* O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.  
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join, in souls,<sup>1</sup> to mock me too ?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so ;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena :  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
With your derision ! none, of noble sort,<sup>2</sup>  
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;  
For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know :  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will flo to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart with her, but as guestwise, sojourn'd ;  
And now to Helena is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.<sup>3</sup>—  
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function  
takes,

(1) Heartily. (2) Degree. (3) Pay dearly for it



124      MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S      Act III.

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense:—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press  
to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my  
side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him  
bide,

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes<sup>1</sup> and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee  
know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial<sup>2</sup> gods,  
Have with our needls<sup>3</sup> created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on the cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

(1) *Circles.*

(2) *Ingenious.*

(3) *Needles.*

*Scene II.*

**DREAM.**

So, with two seeming bodies, but on  
Two of the first, like coats in herald  
Due but to one, and crown'd with one  
And will you rent our ancient love  
To join with men in scorning your  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passion  
I scorn you not ; it seems that you

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander,  
To follow me, and praise my eyes  
And made your other love, Demetrius  
(Who even but now did spurn me  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine,  
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speak  
To her he hates ? and wherefore dost  
Deny your love, so rich within his  
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;  
But by your setting on, by your consent  
What though I be not so in grace  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd  
This you should pity, rather than

*Her.* I understand not what you

*Hel.* Ay, do persevere, counterfeit  
Make mows<sup>1</sup> upon me when I turn  
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet  
This sport, well carried, shall be  
If you have any pity, grace, or mirth  
You would not make me such an ass  
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine  
Which death, or absence, soon shall

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena ; hear  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena

*Hel.* O excellent !

*Her.*

Sweet, do not

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can

(1) Wry faces.

*m.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.  
*is.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it so.  
*m.* Quick, come.—  
*er.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?  
*is.* Away, you Ethiop!  
*m.* No, no, sir:—he will  
 to break loose; take on, as you would follow;  
 yet come not: You are a tame man, go!  
*ys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing  
 let loose;  
 will shake thee from me, like a serpent.  
*er.* Why are you grown so rude? what change  
 is this,  
 et love?  
*ys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!  
 loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!  
*er.* Do you not jest?  
*el.* Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.  
*ys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.  
*em.* I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,  
 eak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.  
 ... what should I hurt her. strike her, kill her

*Her.* O me: you juggler: you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.*

Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the  
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so-dwarfish, and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;<sup>2</sup>  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here beh

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Dem

*Lys.* Be not afraid: she shall not harm  
Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you  
her part.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is kee  
shrewd:

She was a vixen, when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and lit  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dv  
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made  
You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part: for if thou dost intend<sup>3</sup>

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by  
jole: [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I ;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.  
[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on ?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,<sup>1</sup>  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight ;  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron :  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,<sup>2</sup>  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,<sup>3</sup>

(1) *Happen.* (2) *Medicinal efficacy.* (3) *Go.*

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here a  
there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits :  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd nig

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort :  
I with the Morning's Love<sup>1</sup> have oft made spor  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even to the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :  
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Ob*  
*Puck.* Up and down, up and down ;  
I will lead them up and down :  
Up and down in field and town ;

*Puck.* Follow me then  
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
*Puck.* In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy  
head?

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou  
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood  
here. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

*Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho!-ho, ho! Coward, why com'st  
thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou?

*Puck.* Come hither; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
buy this dear,



**Act III.**

eth me  
bed.—

*and sleeps.*

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in the east ;  
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etest :—  
arrow's eye,  
ny. [*Sleeps.*  
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with briers ;

y desires.  
lay.  
n a fray !  
[*Lies down.*

sander's eye.

n,  
is own,  
1 :

Jack shall have Jill ;  
Nought shall go ill ;  
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall  
be well. [*Ex. Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.*]

---

## ACT IV.

*SCENE I.—The same. Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending ; Oberon behind unseen.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,<sup>1</sup>  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom ?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
monsieur Cobweb ?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get  
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip-  
ped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good  
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret  
yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and  
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break  
not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with  
a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-  
seed ?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif,<sup>2</sup> monsieur Mustard-seed.  
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will ?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava-  
lero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,  
monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy  
about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my

(1) Stroke.

(2) Fist.

134 MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S Act IV

hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

*Oberon advances. Enter Puck.*

*Obs.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Scene I.

DREAM.

1.

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
That he awaking when the other do,  
May all to Athens back again repair;  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.  
Be, as thou wast wont to be;

*[Touching her eyes with an herb.]*

See, as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.  
*Tita.* My Oberon! What visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.  
*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.  
*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music. *[Still music.]* Come, my  
queen, take hands with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;  
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Vedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,

your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a gr  
sire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet ha  
no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new n

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or  
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none  
people stir me ; I have an exposition of slee  
upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in m  
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysucl  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*The*

*Oberon advances. Enter Puck.*

*Obs.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st th  
sweet sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
That he awaking when the other do,  
May all to Athens back again repair;  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! What visions have I seen!  
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my  
queen, take hands with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;  
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and tr*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester  
For now our observation is perform'd :  
And since we have the vayward<sup>1</sup> of the day  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds  
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the hound  
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding ;<sup>2</sup> for, besides the grove  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
kind,  
So flew'd,<sup>3</sup> so sanded ; and their heads are  
So white as morning dews

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;  
And this, Lysander : this Demetrius is ;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :  
I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with  
their horns.

*Horns, and shout within.* Demetrius, Lysander,  
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past ;  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival enemies :  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,  
I can truly say how I came here :  
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)  
I came with Hermia hither ; our intent  
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough ;  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—  
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me :  
You, of your wife ; and me of my consent ;  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,



And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord;  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :  
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food :  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—  
*Egeus*, I will overbear your will ;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—  
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—  
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The. Hyp. Ege. and*

*Dem.* These things seem small, and  
tinguishable,

Scene II.

DREAM.

139

Hel.

Her. Yea; and my father.

And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exe.

*As they go out, Bottom awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a mitch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what a dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom: and I will sing the latter end of a play, before the duke: I will adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

NE II.—Athens. *A room in Quince's house.* Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come yet?

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he will not come.

If he come not, then the play is marred; it will not forward, doth it?

'Tis not possible: you have not a man in your company able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—  
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,  
Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us  
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall  
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,  
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgement<sup>1</sup> have you for this  
evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief,<sup>2</sup> how many sports are  
ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*The.* [*Reads.*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to  
be sung*

*By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*

*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

(1) Pastime.

(2) Short account.



## DREAM

143

*brief scene of young Pyramus,  
ove Thisbe : very tragical mirth.*  
ragical ? Tedious and brief ?  
ice, and wonderous strange snow.  
ve find the concord of this discord ?  
A play there is, my lord, some ten words  
ug ;  
brief as I have known a play :  
ls, my lord, it is too long ;  
es it tedious : for in all the play  
one word apt, one player fitted.  
I, my noble lord, it is ;  
s therein doth kill himself.  
e I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
eyes water ; but more merry tears  
of loud laughter never shed.  
at are they, that do play it ?  
Hard-handed men, that work in Athens  
re,  
r labour'd in their minds till now ;  
ve toil'd their unbreath'd<sup>l</sup> memories  
me play, against your nuptial.  
I we will hear it.

No, my noble lord,  
you : I have heard it over,  
hing, nothing in the world ;  
can find sport in their intents,  
tretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
ervice.

I will hear that play ;  
ny thing can be amiss,  
eness and duty tender it.  
em in ;—and take your places, ladies.  
[Exit Philostrate.  
ve not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
his service perishing.  
y, gentle sweet, you shall see no such  
ng.

(1) Unexercised.

Where I have seen them shiver ~~and run away~~,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter Philostrate.*

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue  
addrest.<sup>1</sup>

*The.* Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpet*]

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prolog.* *If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend  
But with good will. To show our simple skill  
That is the true beginning of our end.*  
*Exit in haste*

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder;<sup>1</sup> a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* 'Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

'This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

'This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

'This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

'Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

'And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

'To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

'This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

'Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

'By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

'To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

'This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,<sup>2</sup>

'The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

'Did scare away, or rather did affright:

'And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

'Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

'Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

'And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

'Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

'He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

'And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

'His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

'Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,

'At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[*Exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

(1) A musical instrument.

(2) Called.

MER-NIGHT'S      Act IV.

the lion be to speak.  
my lord : one lion may, when

the interlude, it doth befall,  
my name, present a wall :  
I would have you think,  
any'd hole, or chink,  
lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
speak secretly.  
high-cast, and this stone, doth

the wall ; the truth is so :  
it is, right and sinister,  
fearful lovers are to whisper.  
desire lime and hair to speak

the finest partition that ever I heard

draws near the wall ; silence !

Enter Pyramus.

Black'd night ! O night with hue so

over art, when day is not !  
Alack, alack, alack,  
his promise is forgot !—  
O sweet, O lovely wall,  
between her father's ground and

O sweet and lovely wall,  
think, to blink through with mine  
[Wall holds up his fingers.  
O wall : Jove shield thee well for

No Thisby do I see.  
rough whom I see no bliss ;  
reasons for thus deceiving me !"  
methinks, being sensible, should

h, sir, he should not. Deceiving

... still often hast thou heard my  
 moans,  
 or parting my fair Pyramus and me :  
 -cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;  
 'hy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'  
 r. ' I see a voice ; now will I to the chink,  
 spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
 sby ?'  
 is. ' My love ! thou art my love, I think.'  
 r. ' Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
 grace ;  
 like Limander am I trusty still.'  
 s. ' And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'  
 . ' Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'  
 : ' As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'  
 ' O, kiss me through the hole of this vile  
 wall.'  
 ' I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'  
 ' Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me  
 straightway ?'  
 ' Tide life, tide death, I come without  
 law.'



‘ May now, perchance, both quake and tre  
here,

‘ When lion rough in wildest rage doth ro  
‘ Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, an  
‘ A lion fell, nor else no lion’s dam :  
‘ For if I ~~should~~ as lion come in strife  
‘ Into this place, ’twere pity on my life.’

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good science.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, e’er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True ; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord : for his valour ~~ce~~ carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the g

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. well : leave it to his discretion, and let us list the moon.

*Moon.* ‘ This lantern doth the horned moon  
sent :’

for, you see, it is already in snuff.<sup>1</sup>

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* 'This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?'

*Lion.* 'Oh—'

[*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*]

*Dem.* Well roared, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

*Dem.* And so comes Pyramus.

*Lys.* And then the moon vanishes.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

'I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

'For, by thy gracious, golden glittering streams,

'I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

'But stay;—O spite!

'But mark:—Poor knight,

'What dreadful dole is here!

(1) *In anger; a quibble.*

' Eyes, do you see?

' O dainty duck! O dear!

' Thy mantle good,

' What, stain'd with blood?

' Approach, ye furies fell!

' O fates! come, come;

' Cut thread and thrum;<sup>1</sup>

' Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"<sup>2</sup>

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* ' O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

' Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

' Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

' That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.<sup>3</sup>

' Come, tears, confound;

' Out, sword, and wound

' The pap of Pyramus:

' Ay, that left pap,

' Where heart doth hop:

' Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

' Now am I dead,

' Now am I fled;

' My soul is in the sky:

' Tongue, lose thy light!

' Moon, take thy flight!

' Now, die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance Moonshine is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover?

(1) Coarse yarn. (2) Destroy. (3) Countenance.

Scene I.

DREAM.

*The.* She will find him by stars  
comes; and her passion ends th

*Enter Thisbe.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should no  
for such a Pyramus: I hope, she

*Dem.* A mote will turn the bal  
ramus, which Thisbe, is the better

*Lys.* She hath apied him alre  
sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *vide*

*This.* 'Asleep, my love?

'What, dead, my dove?

'O Pyramus, arise,

'Speak, speak. Quite du

'Dead, dead? A tomb

'Must cover thy sweet eyes.

'These lily brows,

This cherry nose,

'These yellow cowslip cheeks,

'Are gone, are gone:

'Lovers, make moan!

'His eyes were green as leeks.

'O sisters three,

'Come, come, to me,

'With hands as pale as milk;

'Lay them in gore,

'Since you have shore

'With shears his thread of silk.

'Tongue, not a word:—

'Come, trusty sword;

'Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

'And farewell, friends;—

'Thus, Thisbe ends:

'Adieu, adieu, adieu.'

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bu  
ead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down  
ted their fathers. Will it please you to

epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.* The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,  
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd  
The heavy gait<sup>1</sup> of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II.—Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf behowls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.<sup>2</sup>  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in wo,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

(1) *Progress.*

(2) *Overcome.*

I am sent, with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.*

*Obe.* Through this house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire :  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird from brier ;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First rehearse this song by rote :  
To each word a warbling note,  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace.  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

### SONG, AND DANCE.

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be ;  
And the issue, there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be ;  
And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand ;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.—  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait ;<sup>2</sup>  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace with sweet peace :  
E'er shall it in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.

(1) Portentous.

(2) Way.

DSUMMER-NIGHT'S, &c. *Act V.*

Trip away ;  
Make no stay ;  
all by break of day.  
*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*  
*shadows have offended,*  
*k but this (and all is mended,)*  
*you have but slumber'd here,*  
*le these visions did appear.*  
*this weak and idle theme,*  
*wore yielding but a dream,*  
*les, do not reprehend ;*  
*nu pardon, we will mend.*  
*as I'm an honest Puck,*  
*ave unearned luck*  
*to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*  
*vill make amends, ere long :*  
*the Puck a liar call.*  
*ood night unto you all.*  
*me your hands, if we be friends,*  
*Robin shall restore amends.* [Exit

---

fantastical as this play is, all the parts  
ious modes are well written, and give  
pleasure which the author designed.  
s time were much in fashion ; common  
d made them familiar, and Spencer's  
ade them great.

JOHNSON.

**LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.**



# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, *king of Navarre.*

Biron,

Longaville, } *lords, attending on the king.*

Dumain,

Boyet, } *lords, attending on the princess*

Mercade, } *France.*

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantastical Spani*

Sir Nathaniel, *a curate.*

Holofernes, *a schoolmaster.*

Dull, *a constable.*

Costard, *a clown.*

Moth, *page to Armado.*

*A Forester.*

Princess of France.

Rosaline,

Maria,

Katherine,

Jaquenette, } *ladies, attending on the princess*

Jaquenette, *a country wench.*

*Officers and others, attendants on the king  
princess.*

*Scene, Navarre.*

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I.

*SCENE I.—Navarre. A park, with a palace in it. Enter the King, Biron, Longville, and Dumain.*

*King.*

**L**ET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen  
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
Our court shall be a little académie,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here :  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your name  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein :  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :  
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
With all these living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances :

As, not to see a woman in that term ;  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
And, one day in a week to touch no food ;  
And but one meal on every day beside ;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;  
I only swore, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in  
jest.—

What is the end of study ? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should  
not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from  
common sense ;

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid :  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; but that  
most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the like of truth ; while truth the while  
Doth falsely<sup>1</sup> blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against  
reading !

*Dian.* Proceeded well, to stop all good pro-  
ceeding !

(1) Dishonestly, treacherously.

*Diogenes*

*Long.* Biron is like an envious serpent  
That bites the first-born infants of the state.  
*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud  
mer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?  
At Christmas, I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled show  
But like of each thing, that in season grows.  
So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate

*King.* Well, sit you out: go home, Biron;

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn  
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more  
Than for that angel knowledge you can  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And 'bide the penance of each three years  
Give me the paper, let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name

*King.* How well this yielding rescues t  
shame!

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility.

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter, with yourself to  
speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:  
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was  
quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should:  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this  
decree;

She must lie<sup>1</sup> here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'  
space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:  
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions<sup>2</sup> are to others, as to me;

(1) *Reside.*

(2) *Temptations.*

One, whom the music of his own vain tong  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;  
A man of complements, whom right and w  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny  
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,<sup>2</sup>  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth of many a kn  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's c  
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight  
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own kn

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall  
sport ;  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person ?

*Biron.* This, fellow ; What would'st ?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having : God grant us patience !

*Biron.* To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. !

*Biron.* In what manner ?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir ?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention ?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

*King.* Peace.

*Cost.* — be to me, and every man that dares not fight !—

(1) In the fact.



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self to walk. The time ....

hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck  
men sit down to that nourishment which is  
supper. So much for the time when. Now  
ground which ; which, I mean, I walked  
it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place  
where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene  
most preposterous event, that draweth from  
snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which  
thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest :  
the place, where,—It standeth north-north-e-  
by east from the west corner of thy curiou  
ted garden : there did I see that low-spirited  
that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.

King. — that unletter'd small-knowing

Cost. Me.

King. — that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King. — which, as I remember, hi  
tard,

Cost. O me !

represented comte

act I. LABOUR'S LOST. 165

*bull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony

*ing.* For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel  
which I apprehended with the aforesaid  
in,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;  
shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring  
to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted  
heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*iron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but  
best that ever I heard.

*ing.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,  
t say you to this?

*est.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*ing.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*est.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but  
of the marking of it.

*ing.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment,  
e taken with a wench.

*est.* I was taken with none, sir, I was taken  
a damosel.

*ing.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*est.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was  
gin.

*ing.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed,  
in.

*est.* If it were, I deny her virginity; I was  
n with a maid.

*ing.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*est.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*ing.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You  
fast a week with bran and water.

*est.* I had rather pray a month with mutton  
porridge.

*ing.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—  
lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

go we, lords, to put in practice that

which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Damain.*]

*SCENE II.—Another part of the same.  
mado's house. Enter Armado and Moth.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man o  
spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the se  
thing, dear imp.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and  
cholv, my tender juvenal?<sup>1</sup>

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the  
ing, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough se

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender j

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a co  
epitheton, appertaining to thy young days:  
we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an app  
title to your old time, which we may name

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty,

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers : Thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses<sup>1</sup> love not him. [*Aside.*

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure !

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. [*Aside.*

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love : and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy : What great men have been in love ?

(1) The name of a coin once current.

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authori-  
dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child,  
them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of go-  
carriage, great carriage; for he carried the tow  
gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in lo-

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Sai-  
son! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as th  
didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—W  
was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two  
or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of the  
too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: b  
to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson  
had small reason for it. He, surely, affected h  
for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and re-

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, a  
masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tong  
assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pre-  
and pathetic!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,  
Which native she doth owe.<sup>1</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of  
white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and  
the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad  
some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to  
be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for  
the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that  
I may example my digression<sup>2</sup> by some mighty pre-  
cedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I  
took in the park with the rational hind Costard;  
she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped; and yet a better love  
than my master. [*Aside.*

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirits grow heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light  
wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep  
Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight,  
nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week:  
For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she  
is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>3</sup> Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

(1) Of which she is naturally possessed.

(2) Transgression. (3) Dairy-woman.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I eat it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your men for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain ; shut him

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave ;

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will be ing loose.

*Moth.* No, sir ; that were fast and loose shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry desolation that I have seen, some shall see

*Moth.* What shall some see ?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but will look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too their words ; and, therefore, I will say no thank God, I have as little patience as another and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Cost.*]

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which

and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit ; write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

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## ACT II.

*SCENE I.—Another part of the same. A pavilion and tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends ;  
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,

(1) *Best.*



Therefore to us success is a necessary goal.  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure ; and in that behal  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor :  
Tell him, the daughter of the king of Fr.  
On serious business, craving quick despat  
Impörtunes personal conference with his  
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend  
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will  
*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingl

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and you  
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous d  
1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you :

*Mar.* I know him, madam ; at a marri  
Between lord Perigort and the beau'eous  
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,  
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd :

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
And much too little of that good I saw,  
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,  
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he, and his competitors<sup>1</sup> in oath,  
Were all address'd<sup>2</sup> to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)

(1) Confederates.

(2) Prepared.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again  
come I have not yet: the roof of this  
high to be yours; and welcome to th  
too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, me  
court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then;  
thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady; I have s

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will  
else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant w

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignoran

Where! now his knowledge must pro

I hear, your grace hath sworn out ho

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

*Biron.* I know, you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then  
To ask the question !

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such  
questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,  
'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leaves the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day ?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask !

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers !

*Biron.* And send you many lovers !

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate,  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we (as neither have,)  
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain ;  
Which we much rather had depart<sup>d</sup> withal,  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.  
Dear princess, were not his requests so far

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitaine.

*Prin.* We arrest you  
Boyet; you can produce acquittances,  
For such a sum, from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the p  
come,

Where that and other specialities are  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of th

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at n  
As honour, without breach of honour,  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness  
You may not come, fair princess, in n  
But here without you shall be so recei  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in  
Though so denied fair harbour in my  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, a

*Biron.* Sick at heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physic says, I.<sup>1</sup>

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No *poynt*,<sup>2</sup> with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

*Long.* I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, as you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit Long.*]

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

• [*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*]

(1) *Aye, yes.* (2) A French particle of negation.

*Boyet.* And wheretore  
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture ; Sha  
the jest ?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering*

*Mar.* Not so, ge

My lips are no common, though severa

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom ?

*Mar.* To my fortun

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling : t  
agree :

The civil war of wits were much bette  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here

*Boyet.* If my observation (which v  
lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infect

*Prin.* With what ?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers ent

*Prin.* Your reason ?

*Boyet.* Why all his behaviours did

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;  
Who, tendering their own worth, from where they  
were glass'd.

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :  
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his  
eye hath disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

**Boyet.** Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar.

No.

**Boyet.** What then, do you see?

**Ros.** Ay, our way to be gone.

**Boyet.** You are too hard for me. [Exit.]

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.**—*Another part of the same. Enter Armado and Moth.*

**Arm.** Warble, child ; make passionate my sense  
of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [Singing.]

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take  
*this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him*



employ him in a letter

win your love with a

? brawling in French?  
 master : but to jig off  
 canary<sup>3</sup> to it with your  
 ; up your eyelids ; sigh  
 sometime through the  
 love with singing love ;  
 , as if you snuffed up  
 th your hat penthouse-  
 eyes ; with your arms  
 loublet, like a rabbit on  
 ur pocket, like a man  
 keep not too long in  
 way : These are com-  
 ars ; these betray nice  
 strayed without these ;  
 e (do you note, men?)  
 see.

chased this experience ?  
 observation.

is forgot.  
 ve, hobby-horse ?  
 obby-horse is but a colt,  
 ackney. But have you

! learn her by heart.  
 heart, boy.  
 master : all those three

ove ?  
 : and this, by, in, and  
 By heart you love her,

kind of dance.  
 of a sprightly dance.

because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all !

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathised ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

*Arm.* Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short ; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift,<sup>1</sup> sir, to say so ;  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric !  
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee.  
[Exit.

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face ;  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter Moth and Costard.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master ; here's a Costard<sup>2</sup> broken in a shin.

(1) Quick, ready.

(2) A head.

*l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is n  
*l'envoy* a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discour  
to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore be  
sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the mor  
again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you folk  
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

Scene I. LABOUR'S LOST. 183

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither : How did this argument begin ?

*Moth.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain ; Thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;

And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me ; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak that *l'envoy* : —

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be no more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one *Frances* :—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-rance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta* : there is remuneration ; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-warding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signior *Costard*,  
adieu.

why, it is a fairer name than FRENCH CROWD. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter Biron.*

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbons may a man buy for a remuneration ?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration ?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk

*Cost.* I thank your worship : God be with you

*Biron.* O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee :  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir ?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow.

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;<sup>1</sup> go.  
[Gives him money.]

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.<sup>2</sup>—Guerdon—reinuneration. [Exit.]

*Biron.* O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This whimp'd,<sup>3</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,<sup>4</sup> king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,<sup>5</sup>—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

(1) Reward. (2) With the utmost exactness.

(3) Hooded, veiled. (4) Petticoats.

(5) The officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*  
*the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine*  
*Lords, attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd h  
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was

*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a m  
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our desp  
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the busi  
That we must stand and play the murderer

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder co  
A stand, where you may make the fairest sl

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest sh

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant no

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and  
say no?

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
 But come, the bow :—Now mercy goes to kill,  
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;  
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart :  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords ?

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter Costard.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den ! all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
 One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman ! you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

(1) God give you good even.



*Act IV.*

's a good friend

you can carve ;

to serve.—

none here ;

ead it, I swear :

ry one give ear.

t thou art fair,

art beauteous ;

fore fairer than

ruer than truth

heroical vassal !

strate<sup>2</sup> king Co-

and indubitate

as that might

to anatomize in

gar ! ) idelicet,

ame, one ; saw,

ne ? the king

did he see ? to

to the beggar ;

o overcame he ?

tory ; On whose

rich'd ; On whose

phe is a nuptial

m both in one, or

or so stands the

or so witnesseth

by love ? I may :

: Shall I entreat

ou exchange for

For thyself, me,

ofane my lips on

e, and my heart

ign of industry.

iano de Armado.

) Illustrious. .

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;  
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play :  
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
 this letter ?

What vane ? what weathercock ? did you ever hear  
 better ?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember  
 the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it  
 erewhile.<sup>1</sup>

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps  
 here in court ;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
 To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word :  
 Who gave thee this letter ?

*Cost.* I told you ; my lord

*Prin.* To whom should'st thou give it ?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady ?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
 To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,  
 lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know ?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou  
 marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

(1) Just now.

Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.

*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet.* *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*

*An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*]

[*Exit Costard, running.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

*Nath.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in sanguis,—blood; ripe as a pomewater,<sup>1</sup> who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of celo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in *via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, uncon-

(1) A species of apple.

were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is  
replenished ; he is only an animal, only sent  
in the duller parts ;

And such barren plants are set before us, that  
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those p  
that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscri  
or a fool,

So, were there a patch<sup>l</sup> set on learning, to see  
in a school :

But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's m  
*Many can brook the weather, that love not  
wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men : Can you tel  
your wit,  
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's  
five weeks old as yet ?

*Hol.* Dictynna, good man Dull ; Dictynna, &  
man Dull.

\* *Dull.* What is Dictynna ?

Dictynna is a name for a name to the m

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you bear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;*

*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.*

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!*

*Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armato : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*  
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to be vowed !

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to osiers bowed.

*Scene II.*      LABOUR'S LOST.      195

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
eyes ;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would  
comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suf-  
fice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee  
commend :

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;  
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts  
admire ;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his  
dreadful thunder,

- Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.  
Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue !

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss  
the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here  
are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegance,  
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovi-  
dus Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ;  
but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy,  
the jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : so doth  
the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired  
horse<sup>1</sup> his rider.—But damosella virgin, was this  
directed to you ?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of  
the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the  
snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosa-  
line.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter,  
for the nomination of the party writing to the person  
written unto :

*Your ladyship's in all desired employment,*  
BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with  
the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a se-

(1) Horse adorned with ribbands.



LOVE'S

Act IV.

of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, the way of progression, hath miscarried.—  
And go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay—  
compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu !

Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save  
fe !

. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

h. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God,  
religiously ; and, as a certain father saith—

Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear  
able colours. But, to return to the verses ;  
ay please you, sir Nathaniel ?

h. Marvellous well for the pen.

. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain  
of mine ; where if, before repast, it shall  
you to gratify the table with a grace, I will,  
privilege I have with the parents of the fore-  
child or pupil, undertake your *ben. venuto* ;  
I will prove those verses to be very unlearn-  
ther savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention :  
each your society.

h. And thank you too : for society (saith the  
the happiness of life.

. And, certes,<sup>1</sup> the text most infallibly con-  
it.—Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too ; you  
ot say me, nay : *pauca verba*. Away ; the  
are at their game, and we will to our re-  
n.

[*Exeunt.*]

VE III.—*Another part of the same. Enter  
Biron, with a paper.*

on. The king he is hunting the deer ; I am  
ag myself : they have pitch'd a toil ; I am  
in a pitch ; pitch that defiles ; defile ! a foul

Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so, they  
he fool said, and so say I, and I the fool.

(1) In truth.

Well proved, wit ! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : Well proved again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in : Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan !

*[Gets up into a tree.]*

*Enter the King, with a paper.*

King. Ah me !

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap :—I'faith secrets.—

King. *[Reads.]* So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my wo ;

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through thy grief will show :

But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

*Long.* Ah me ! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, w  
ing papers. [*As*]

*King.* In love, I hope ; Sweet fellowship  
shame ! [*As*]

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the na  
[*As*]

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort ;  
by two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of  
ciety,

The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up  
plicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack pow  
move :

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wa  
Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his slop.

*Long.* This same shall go.—



King. And ...  
Biron. Amen, so I have ...

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then inci-  
sion

Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!  
[Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have  
writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary  
wit. [Aside.]

Dum. On a day (alack the day!)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air;  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But alack, my hand is sworn,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
Vow, alack, to pluck a sweet.

*Scene III.*      LABOUR'S LOST.

*Long.* Dumain [*advancing.*] thy love is  
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I  
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you t  
his your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as muc  
You do not love Maria ; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both d

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your

Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other crie

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other

You would for paradise break faith and tr

[2  
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an

[To  
What will Biron say, when that he shall h  
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did sw

How will he scorn ? how will he spend his

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at i

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by n

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypoc

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon m

[Descends from

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to

These worms for loving, that art most in l

Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your t

There is no certain princess that appears :

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnettin

But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you n

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot

You found his mote ; the king your mote c

But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!!  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a goat!  
 And profound Hercules whipping a gigg,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critic? Timon laugh at idle toys!  
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you  
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betrayed, by keeping company  
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme  
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning<sup>3</sup> me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?—

*King.*

Soft; Whither away so fit  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let!

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.*

What present hast thou  
*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.*

What makes treason  
*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir;

*King.*

If it mar nothing  
 The treason, and you, go in peace away

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter

(1) Grief. (2) Cynic. (3) In trimmings

*Scene III.*      LABOUR'S LOST.

20

Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter*  
Where hadst thou it ?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it ?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now ! what is in you ? why do  
thou tear it ?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace need  
not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name

[*Picks up the piece*

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [*To Co*  
tard.] you were born to do me shame.-

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

*King.* What ?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool  
make up the mess :

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true ; we are four :-  
Will these turtles be gone ?

*King.* Hence, sirs ; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the tra  
tors stay. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jac*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us em  
brace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face

Young blood will not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some  
love of thine ?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you ? Who sees &  
heavenly Rosaline,



That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee  
now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes; nor I Birón:  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity;  
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth  
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth  
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.  
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.

*Scene III.*      LABOUR'S LOST.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping ha  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
And therefore is she born to make black  
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;  
For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
black.

*Long.* And, since her time, are colliers counted  
bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell  
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day  
here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as  
she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her  
face see.      [*Showing his shoe.*]

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine  
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd over  
head.

*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*Biron.* O, nothing so sure: and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,  
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets,<sup>1</sup> how to cheat the devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :  
Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—  
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book :  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;  
They are the ground, the books, the académies,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;  
And study too, the causer of your vow :  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation, have found out

(1) Law-chicane.

Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?  
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the académies,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,

lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,

Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd  
no corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;

If so, our conner buys no better treasure.

at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>1</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.<sup>2</sup> He is too picked,<sup>3</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-de-vise<sup>4</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bons?*—bone, for *bonè*: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. *Videone quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[To Moth.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

{ 1) Affectation. (2) Boastful. (3) Over-dressed.  
(4) Finical exactness.

*Moth.* Peace, —

*Arm.* Monsieur, [*To Hol.*] are you not learn?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook  
What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on  
head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—  
hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you  
peat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two conclude  
o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the *Medit*  
*neum*, a sweet touch,<sup>2</sup> a quick venew of wit:  
snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my inte  
true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man;  
is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the fig

*Moth.* Horns.

disputest like an infant: go

the very remuneration I had of thy master,  
 If-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of  
 m. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that  
 art but my bastard! what a joyful father  
 t thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad  
 2, at the fingers' ends, as they say.  
 O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for un-

Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled  
 : barbarous. Do you not educate youth at  
 ge-house! on the top of the mountain?

Or, *mons*, the hill.

At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.  
 I do, sans question.

Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure  
 ction, to congratulate the princess at her  
 , in the posteriors of this day; which the  
 altitude call the afternoon.

The posterior of the day, most generous  
 ble, congruent, and measurable for the af-  
 : the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet

I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and  
 liar, I do assure you, very good friend:—  
 it is inward<sup>2</sup> between us, let it pass:—I do  
 thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech  
 parel thy head; and among other importu-  
 | most serious designs,—and of great im-  
 leed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must  
 , it will please his grace (by the world)  
 e to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with  
 . finger, thus, dally with my excrement,<sup>3</sup>  
 mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass.  
 world, I recount no fable; some certain  
 onours it pleaseth his greatness to impart  
 do, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath  
 world: but let that pass.—The very all of  
 but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—

s-school. (2) Confidential. (3) Beard.



worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself; or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crusheth the snake!* that is the way to

I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*,<sup>1</sup> good man Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons* ! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion. Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all ;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ?<sup>2</sup>

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;

And so she died : had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she died :

And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,<sup>3</sup> of this light word ?

(1) Courage.

(2) Grow

(3) Formerly a term of endearment.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care  
for me.

*Ros.* Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past

*Prin.* Well bandied both ; a set of wit well p  
But Rosaline, you have a favour too :  
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

*Ros.* I would, you knew

As if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great ; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón :

The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring

I were the fairest goddess on the ground ;

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Any thing like ?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters ; nothing in the picture

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die  
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-ville ;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less : Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !

How would I make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;

And shape his service wholly to my behests ;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests !

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her grace ?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet ?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare !—

Arm, wench, arm ; encounters mounted are

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour :  
When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions ; *swarthy*  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear ;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestic would put him out :  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil ;  
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the  
                    shoulder ;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and swore,

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;  
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;  
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favours too ; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :  
They do it but in mocking merriment ;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't !

*Prin.* No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;  
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.

*Moth.* *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*  
[The ladies turn their backs to him]  
*That ever turn'd their backs—to mortal views!*  
*Biron.* *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*  
*Moth.* *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*  
*Out—*

*Boyet.* True; out, indeed.

*Moth.* *Out of your favours, heavenly spirit*  
*vouchsafe*

*Not to behold—*

*Biron.* *Once to behold, rogue.*

*Moth.* *Once to behold with your sun-beam*  
*eyes,—with your sun-beamed eyes—*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that bring  
me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, y  
rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know the  
minds, Boyet:

*If they do speak our language 'tis our will*

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many  
a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so : ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you ;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe  
one change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then : nay, you must do it  
soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance ? How come you thus  
estrang'd ?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full ; but now she's  
chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.



**Act V.**

here by

t dance.

ends :—

e ends.

not nice.

price.

ys your

ver be.

adien ;

!

re chat.

th that

: *apart*.

et word

here is

grow so

, dice !

adien !

you.

: sweet.

bitter.

e meet.

: *apart*.

ange a

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—  
Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:  
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Bir6n was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Bir6n did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:  
No point,<sup>1</sup> quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said. I came o'er his heart;  
And trow you, what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-  
caps.<sup>2</sup>

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Bir6n hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own houses.

Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

*Prin.* How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd :  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless<sup>1</sup> gear ;  
And wonder what they were ; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.  
[*Exeunt* Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,  
in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the princess ?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent : Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither ?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.  
[*Erit.*

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons  
peas ;  
And utters it again when God doth please :  
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassels,<sup>2</sup> meetings, markets, fairs ;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

(1) Uncouth.      (2) Rustic merry-meetings.

Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :  
This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone :  
And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my  
heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by Boyet ; Rosaline,  
Maria, Katharine, and attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes !—Behaviour, what  
wert thou,  
Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou  
now ?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of  
day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave

*King.* We came to visit you : and durst now

...deserving praise.  
confronted here with four  
in Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me—Fair, gentle  
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet  
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light: Your capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my  
eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

(1) After the fashion of the times.

K 2

*King.* We are descried : they'll mock  
downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a je

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks yo  
ness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon  
look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down play  
perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out  
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with  
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ign

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conce  
And I will wish thee never more to dance

Nor never more in Russian habit wait  
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's to  
Nor never come in visor to my friend;<sup>1</sup>

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper

And, to begin, wench,—So God help me, la !—  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans sans, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—  
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;  
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes ;  
These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to un-  
do us.

*Ros.* It is not so ; For how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

*Biron.* Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an  
end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude  
transgression  
Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd ?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

*King.* That more than all the world I did res-  
pect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will  
reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear ;  
Your oath once broke, you force<sup>1</sup> not to forswear.

(1) Make no difficulty.



Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, and troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear  
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain  
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent<sup>1</sup>

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slig  
zany,<sup>2</sup>

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, son  
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.  
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily  
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three.

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,  
it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we  
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil  
it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove; I always took three threes for  
nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get  
your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the  
actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:  
for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect  
one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great,  
sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of

*some policy*

To have one show worse than the king's an  
company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rul  
now ;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know  
Where zeal strives to content, and the conter  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form confounded makes most form in n  
When great things labouring perish in their.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expe  
thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of v  
[ *Armado converses with the King, and de  
him a paper.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's m

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet,

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the  
other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-  
priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;<sup>1</sup> and the whole world  
again,

Cannot prick<sup>2</sup> out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
again.

[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies. Enter Costard  
arm'd for Pompey.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,*—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,*—

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be  
friends with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the  
great;*

*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make  
my foe to sweat:*

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come  
by chance;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass  
of France.*

*If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I  
had done.*

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I  
was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves  
the best worthy.

(1) A game with dice.

(2) Pick.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in the  
der-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd  
good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I live  
world's commander;*—

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you  
sander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant,

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror  
Alisander.

*Cost.* O, sir, [*To Nath.*] you have  
Alisander the conqueror? You will be  
of the painted cloth for this: your lion  
his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will  
A-jax, he will be the ninth worthy. . .  
and afeard to speak! run away for shou-  
der. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall  
a foolish mild man; an honest man, he  
soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :  
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;  
Ergo, I come with this apology.—*  
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Ex. Moth.*]

*Hol. Judas I am,—*

*Dum. A Judas !*

*Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—*

*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*

*Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.*

*Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd  
Judas ?*

*Hol. Judas I am,—*

*Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.*

*Hol. What mean you, sir ?*

*Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.*

*Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.*

*Biron. Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on  
an elder.*

*Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.*

*Biron. Because thou hast no face.*

*Hol. What is this ?*

*Boyet. A cittern head.*

*Dum. The head of a bodkin.*

*Biron. A death's face in a ring.*

*Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce  
seen.*

*Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.*

*Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.<sup>1</sup>*

*Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.<sup>2</sup>*

*Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.*

*Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer !  
And now, forward ; for we have put thee in coun-  
tenance.*

*Hol. You have put me out of countenance.*

*Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.*

(1) A soldier's powder-horn.

(2) An ornamental buckle for fastening hat-  
bands, &c.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grow  
dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he be-  
baited!

*Enter Armado arm'd, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here com  
Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me,  
will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of th

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*Dum.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes face

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances! the e*  
*mighty,*

*Gave Hector a gift.*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs  
gainst Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;  
veet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:  
hen he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-  
ard with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Prin-*  
*ess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers* Costard.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-  
lighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is  
one; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,  
e poor wench is cast away; she's quick; the  
ild brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among poten-  
tates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shal' Hector be whipp'd, for Jaque-  
tta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pom-  
ey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great  
mpey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates,<sup>1</sup> more  
les; stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's  
y than will sup a flea.

(1) *Até* was the goddess of discord.



the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me: I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward<sup>2</sup> for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

*Enter Mercade.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

King. How fares your majesty?

Vin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Vin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
our rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
liberal<sup>1</sup> opposition of our spirits:  
ever-boldly we have borne ourselves  
the converse of breath, your gentleness  
is guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!  
heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:  
excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form  
causes to the purpose of his speed;

often, at his very loose, decides

which long process could not arbitrate:

though the mourning brow of progeny

and the smiling courtesy of love,

only suit which fain it would convince;

once love's argument was first on foot,

the cloud of sorrow justle it

that it purposed; since, to wail friends lost,

is much so wholesome, profitable,

joy at friends but newly found.

I understand you not: my griefs are  
double.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear  
of grief;—

these badges understand the king.

For aches have we neglected time,

play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

deform'd us, fashioning our humours

opposed end of our intents:

and us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

full of unbecoming strains;

(1) Free to excess.

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults  
Suggested<sup>1</sup> us to make : Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both :—fair ladies, you  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of  
Your favours the ambassadors of love ;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast, and as lining to the time :  
But more devout than this, in our respects,  
Have we not been ; and therefore met your  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much  
than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote<sup>2</sup> the  
Now at the latest minute of the h

*Scene II.*      LABOUR'S LOST.

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning;  
If this austere, insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love:  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and till that instant, shut  
My woful self up in a mourning house;  
Raining the tears of lamentation,  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what  
to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;  
You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
Twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
Nor seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;

And three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day

Mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
When the king doth to my lady come,  
If I have much love, I'll give you some.

(1) Clothing.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till th

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn aga

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's e

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time  
long.

*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young

*Biron.* Studies my lady ? mistress, look on i

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there ;

Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Bir6

Before I saw you : and the world's large tongu

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercy of your wit :

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful bra

And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,

(Without the which I am not to be won,)

You shall this twelvemonth term from day to

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches ; and your task shall

With all the fierce! endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat  
death ?

It cannot be ; it is impossible :

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibling spi

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own de  
groans,

(1) Vehement.

(2) Immediate.

Will bear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will  
befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my  
leave. [To the King.]

*King.* No, madam: we will bring you on your  
way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a  
day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take  
leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta  
to hold the plough for her sweet love three years.  
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the  
dialogue that the two learned men have compiled,  
in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should  
have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.—

*Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and  
others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;  
The one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the  
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

## SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

## II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen  
clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and da  
And maidens bleach their sun  
smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

## III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his na  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be f  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who ;  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

## IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's w*

(1) Cool.

*And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs<sup>2</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after  
the songs of Apollo.—You, that way; we, this way.  
[*Exeunt.*]

(1) Wild apples.

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In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar: and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.





**MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

Bassanio.  
s to Portia.

ess.  
ng-maid.  
er to Shylock.

of Venice, officers of the court of Jus-  
, servants, and other attendants.  
lly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,  
seat of Portia, on the continent.

As they  
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Play  
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A

## ACT I.

*SCENE I.—Venice. A street. Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Antonio.*

**I**N sooth, I know not why I am so sad;  
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies<sup>1</sup> with portly mail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers of the land,  
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture stock,  
The better part of mine—

22

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glass run,  
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her ribs,  
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inghable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?  
Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours. [*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner-time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio ;  
You have too much respect upon the world :  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.*

Let me play the fool :  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?  
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—

There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness<sup>1</sup> entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,*  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*  
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,  
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is this?

(1) Obstinate silence.

whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one  
shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,  
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but  
time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:



And she is tall,  
Of wondrous virtues;  
I did receive fair speechless  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes  
Are on a rack; and I no question make  
Nor have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth  
Try what my credit can in Venice do;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
I'll presently inquire, and so will I,  
For my sake.

sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree : such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband :—O me, the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father :—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three vases, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you will rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors are already come ?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou hast named them, I will describe them ; and, according to their description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt,<sup>1</sup> indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse : and he makes it a great recreation to his own good parts, that he can run himself : I am much afraid, my lady, his

(1) A heady, gay youngster.

MERCHANTS.

er played false with a smith.

Por. Then is there the county Palatine.

er. He does nothing but frown; as who should  
*An if you will not have me, choose*: he hears  
 ry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove  
 weeping philosopher when he grows old, being  
 full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had  
 ther be married to a death's head with a bone in  
 s mouth, than to either of these. God defend me  
 om these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Mon-  
 sieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass  
 for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a  
 mocker: But, he! why, he hath a horse better than  
 the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning  
 than the count Palatine: he is every man in no  
 man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a caper-  
 ing; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should  
 marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If  
 he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if  
 he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the  
 young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he un-  
 derstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin,  
 French, nor Italian; and you will come into the  
 court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth  
 in the English. He is a proper man's picture;  
 But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show?  
 How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his  
 doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bon-  
 net in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his  
 neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him;  
 for he borrowed a box of the ear of the English  
 man, and swore he would pay him again, when he

(1) Count.

Ner. D  
 of Saxony  
 Por. V  
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 drunk: w  
 man; and  
 a beast:  
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was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket : for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determinations : which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit ; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember  
a worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam,  
take their leave: and there is a forerunner come  
in a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings  
word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so  
good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I  
would be glad of his approach: if he have the  
addition<sup>1</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil,  
I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.  
*Nerissa.*—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we  
sit at the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at  
the door.

*[Exeunt.]*

*SCENE III.—Venice. A public place. Enter  
Bassanio and Shylock.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio  
shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stand me? Will you pleasure  
me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months,  
I Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the  
contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in say-  
ing he is a good man, is to have you understand  
that he is sufficient: yet his means are in sup-  
position: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis,  
another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon  
Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for

(1) Temper, qualities.

England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter Antonio.*

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him, for he is a Christian:  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me : But soft ; How many months  
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;  
[To Antonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants<sup>1</sup> of my friend,  
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,<sup>2</sup>  
How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,—But  
hear you ;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would  
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings which were streak'd,  
pied,

Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands  
And in the doing of the deed of kind,<sup>3</sup>  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were I

(1) Wants which admit no longer delay.

(2) Informed.

(3) Nature.

## HANT OF

## Act I

ew of my tribe,  
 soft; How many months  
 You fair, good signior;  
 [To Antonio.  
 A man in our mouths,  
 neither lend nor borrow,  
 of excess,  
 ants<sup>1</sup> of my friend,  
 he yet possess'd,<sup>2</sup>

three thousand ducats

months, you told me so  
 let me see,—But

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## Scene III.

## VENICE

This was a way to thrive, and  
 And thrift is blessing, if men

*Ant.* This was a venture,  
 for;

A thing not in his power to t  
 But sway'd and fashion'd, by  
 Was this inserted to make in  
 Or is your gold and silver, e

*Shy.* I cannot tell: I mak  
 But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mar

The devil can cite scripture  
 An evil soul, producing holy  
 Is like a villain with a smiling  
 A goodly apple rotten at the  
 O, what a goodly outside fals

*Shy* Three thousand ducats  
 sum.

Three months from twelve, th

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall v

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, mar  
 In the Rialto you have rated  
 About my monies, and my u  
 Still have I borne it with a p  
 For sufferance is the badge c  
 You call me—misbeliever, c  
 And spit upon my Jewish g  
 And all for use of that which  
 Well then, it now appears, y  
 Go to then; you come to me  
*Shylock, we would have mon*  
 You, that did void your rheu  
 And foot me, as you spurn a  
 Over your threshold; monies  
 What should I say to you?

*Hath a dog money? is it po*  
*A cur can lend three thousa*  
 Shall I bend low, and in a b

(1) Inter



If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends (for when did friendship  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who if he break, thou may'st with better  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you  
I would be friends with you, and have you  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me  
Supply your present wants, and take no d  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not h  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;

own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
should break his day, what should I gain  
the exaction of the forfeiture ?

ound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
ot so estimable, profitable neither,  
flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
buy his favour, I extend this friendship :  
e will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

I, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Int.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*hy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;

a him direction for this merry bond,

I will go and purse the ducats straight ;

to my house, left in the fearful guard

an unthrifty leave ; and presently

ll be with you.

[*Exit.*

*nt.*

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

*nt.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Come on : in this there can be no dis-  
may,

as come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*I.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.  
of cornets. Enter the Prince of Mo-  
his train ; Portia, Nerissa, and other  
endants.*

like me not for my complexion,  
livery of the burnish'd sun,  
in a neighbour, and near bred.  
fairest creature northward born,  
s' fire scarce thaws the icicles,

Except to see.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am...

By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :  
Besides the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife, who wins me by that means I told  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as far  
As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.*

Even for that I thank you  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the cask  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the ear  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
The better man, the greater throw

And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage ; therefore, be advis'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Mor.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my  
chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then !  
[*Cornets.*

To make me bless'd'st, or curs'd'st among men.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A street.* Enter Launce-  
lot Gobbo.

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to  
run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine  
elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Laun-  
celot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or  
good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the  
tart, run away :* My conscience says,—no ; take  
heed, honest *Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gob-  
bo ; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do  
not run ; scorn running with thy heels :* Well, the  
most courageous fiend bids me pack ; *via !* says  
the fiend ; *away !* says the fiend, *for the heavens ;*  
*use up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.*  
Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of  
heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest  
old Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or  
an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my  
father did something smack, something grow to, he  
had a kind of taste ;—well, my conscience says,  
budge not ; budge says the fiend ; budge  
says my conscience :* Conscience, say I, you  
counsel well ; fiend, say I, you counsel well : to be  
y my conscience, I should stay with the Jew  
ter, who (God bless the mark !) is a kind

(1) Not precipitate.

of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your rest, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, science is but a kind of hard conscience, to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend the more friendly counsel: I will run, his heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun. [Aside.]* O heavens, this is my true father! who, being more than sand-blind, knows me not:—I will try experiments with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left hand, marry, at the very next turning, turn of it, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's senties, 'twill be a hard hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot? Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the question.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, I will talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot's father.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *er*gently speak you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your master.

*Laun. Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk you of him?

(1) Experiments.

master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings; the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man: and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse! has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

(1) Shaft-horse.

ger I have with my nose. *Antonio, &c.*  
are come ; give me your present to one  
sanio, who, indeed, gives rare new li  
serve not him, I will run as far as C  
ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes  
to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I se  
any longer.

*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and  
lovers.*

*Bass.* You may do so ;—but let it l  
that supper be ready at the farthest b  
clock : See these letters deliver'd ; pt  
to making ; and desire Gratiano to co  
my lodging. *[Ex*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ; Would'st thou au

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor bo

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but th  
man ; that would, sir, as my father shall

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir,

**Gob.** I have a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

**Laun.** In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man yet, poor man, my father.

**Bass.** One speak for both;—What would you

**Laun.** Serve you, sir.

**Gob.** This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

**Bass.** I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

**Laun.** The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

**Bass.** Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[To his followers.

More guarded! than his fellows: See it done.

**Laun.** Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well: [Looking on his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,<sup>2</sup> which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune: Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice: and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Laun. and old Gob.

(1) Ornamented.

(2) The palm of the hand extended.



*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he  
[*Exit Leon*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtained it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go  
you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear  
Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there thou  
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pains  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild  
viour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>1</sup>

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE III.—The same. A room in Shylock's house. Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
And so farewell; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most  
beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian  
do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much  
deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do some-  
what drown my manly spirit, adieu! [*Exit.*]

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

*SCENE IV.—The same. A street. Enter Gra-  
tiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;

(1) Carriage, deportment.

Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours

To furnish us:—

*Enter Launcelot, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old-master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—

Gentlemen, *[Exit Launcelot.]*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

*[Exeunt Salar, and Salan.]*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed, How I shall take her from her father's house; What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with; What page's suit she hath in readiness.

Scene V.

VENICE.

If e'er the Jew, her father, come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before Shylock's house.*  
*Enter Shylock and Launcelot.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be  
thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—  
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun.

Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I  
could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter Jessica.*

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;  
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ;  
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master  
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I  
will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do,  
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleed-

(1) Invited.

Clamber not you up to the eaves,  
Nor thrust your head into the penthouse  
To gaze on Christian fools with lewd  
But stop my house's ears, I mean  
Let not the sound of shallow fools  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff  
I have no mind of feasting forth  
But I will go.—Go you before me  
Say, I will come.

*Lawn.* I will go bid  
*Mistress*, look out at window, for  
There will come a Christian  
Will be worth a Jewess'.

*Shy.* What says that fool of *Hr*?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell  
else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps  
More than the wild cat; drones  
Therefore I part with him; and  
To one that I would have him  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Je

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed<sup>1</sup> bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embrac'd by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-  
after.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
abode;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
For who love I so much? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that  
thou art.

(1) Decorated with flags.

M 2

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be n

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle  
They in themselves, good sooth, ar  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, lo  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy  
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the r  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, ;  
With some more ducats, and be wi

[*Ex*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gent

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love he  
For she is wise, if I can judge of |  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes l  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fi  
Shall she be placed in my constan

*Enter Jessica, below*

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exe.*

**SCENE VII.**—Belmont. *A room in Portia's house. Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the prince of Morocco, and both their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince :—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription  
bears ;—

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second ; silver, which this promise carries ;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince ;  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment ! Let me  
see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

*As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :*



I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose her  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in g  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many me*  
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desire  
 From the four corners of the earth they co  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing s  
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wild  
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia;  
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious hee  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly p  
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere dai  
 To think so base a thought; it were too gi  
 To rib<sup>l</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in  
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold: but that's insculp'd<sup>2</sup> up  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my  
 there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we  
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll? I'll read the wr

*All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told:*

(1) *Enclose.*

(2) *Engraven.*

NICE.

s life hath sold,  
 to behold :  
 o worms infold.  
 as wise as bold,  
 is, in judgment old,  
 had not been inscroll'd :  
 ; your suit is cold.

and labour lost :  
 heat ; and, welcome, frost.—  
 re too griev'd a heart  
 ave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*  
 ldance :—Draw the curtains,

lexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

-Venice. *A street. Enter Sa-*  
*rino and Salanio.*

an, I saw Bassanio under sail ;  
 iano gone along ;  
 , I am sure, Lorenzo is not.  
 llain Jew with outcries rais'd the

him to search Bassanio's ship.  
 me too late, the ship was under sail :  
 uke was given to understand,  
 iola were seen together  
 is amorous Jessica :  
 io certify'd the duke,  
 t with Bassanio in his ship.  
 ever heard a passion so confus'd,  
 utrageous, and so variable,  
 ew did utter in the streets :  
 r !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !  
 hristian ?—O my Christian ducats !—  
 : law ! my ducats, and my daughter !  
 g, two sealed bags of ducats,  
 lucats, stol'n from me by my daughter !  
 s ; two stones, two rich and precious  
 tones,

*Salar.*

*Merry, well known*

I reason'd<sup>1</sup> with a Frenchman yesterday ;  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;  
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you  
hear :

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
Bassanio told him, he would make ~~some~~ speed  
Of his return ; he answer'd—*Do not so,  
Slubber<sup>2</sup> not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time ;  
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love :  
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents<sup>3</sup> of love  
As shall conveniently become you there :*  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

The prince of Arragon has taken his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd<sup>d</sup> me: Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant

O, that estates, degrees, and titles,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear hono  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !  
How many then should cover, that stand bare ?  
How many be commanded, that command ?  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour ? and how much hono  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd ? Well, but to my choice :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserv*  
I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you f  
there.

*Ar.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking id  
Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.  
How much unlike art thou to Portia ?  
How much unlike my hopes, and my deserving  
*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserv*  
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?  
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offic

*Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:*

*So begone, sir, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here:  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.—  
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and tr*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;<sup>1</sup>  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous bre  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeared  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exe*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street. Enter Salanio, and Salarino.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband! But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil, cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter Shylock.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salar.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute: and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio desires to speak with you both in his house, and desires to speak with you both.  
*Salar.* We have been up and down to

*Enter Tubal.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe cannot be matched, unless the devil him Jew.  
[*Exeunt Salan, Salar, and*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a gone, cost me two thousand ducats in F The curse never fell upon our nation till never felt it till now :—two thousand ducat and other precious, precious jewels.—I w daughter were dead at my foot, and th in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my the ducats in her coffin! No news of them! so :—and I know not what's spent in the Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone much, and so much to find the thief; and faction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stir what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, b breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill l

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, com Tripolia.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God :—Is it it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors caped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Go good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as one night, fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again : Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ;<sup>1</sup> I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true ; Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will ; Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

*SCENE II.*—Belmont. *A room in Portia's house. Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two, Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company : therefore, forbear a while : There's something tells me (but it is not love,) I would not lose you ; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality : But lest you should not understand me well (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ; So will I never be : So may you miss me :

(1) A precious stone.

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your  
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;  
One half of me is yours, the other half your  
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then  
And so all yours : O ! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their right  
And so ; though yours, not yours. — Prove it  
Let fortune go to hell for it, — not I.  
I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.*

Let me choose

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then conf  
What treason there is mingled with your lov

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mist  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my b  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my lo

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.*

*Confess, an*

Had been the very sum of my confession :  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of  
If you do love me, you will find me out. —  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —  
Let music sound, while he doth make his cl  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end  
Fading in music : that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the  
And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may w  
And what is music then ? then music is

(1) Delay.

**Scene II.****VENICE.**

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes  
With no less presence,<sup>1</sup> but with much more  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages, come forth to view,  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !  
Live thou, I live :—With much much more  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fr  
*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the case  
himself.*

**SONG.**

1. *Tell me, where is fancy<sup>2</sup> bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply. 2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies :  
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

*Bass.*—So may the outward shows be least  
selves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious<sup>3</sup> voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

(1) Dignity of mien.

(2) Love.

(3) Winning favour.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
 So are those crisped<sup>1</sup> snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness; often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled<sup>2</sup> shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
 Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence!  
 And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.*

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit?<sup>3</sup> What demi-god

(1) Curled.

(2) Treacherous.

(3) Likeness, portrait.



i would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
More rich;

That only to stand high on your account  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, frier  
Exceed account: but the full sum of m  
Is sum of something; which, to term in  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpra  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; and happier than th  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king  
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and y  
Is now converted; but now I was the l  
Of this fair mansion, master of my serv  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but  
This house, these servants, and this sam  
Are yours, my lord; I give them with t  
Which when you part from, lose, or giv  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veir  
And there is such confusion in my powe  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every some-thing, being blent<sup>1</sup> to  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy  
Express'd, and not express'd: But whe  
Parts from this finger, then parts life fro  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now ou  
That have stood by, and seen our wish  
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord,

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gen

(1) Blended.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission<sup>1</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :  
For wooing here, until I sweat again ;  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down ?—

*Gra.* No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?  
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,

(1) Pause, delay.



He did entreat me, past all saying nay  
To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my  
And I have reason for it. Signior An  
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio*

*Bass.* Ere I ope his  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter th  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ;  
come.

Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news f  
How doth that royal merchant, good ?  
I know, he will be glad of our success  
We are the Jasons, we have won the

*Sal.* 'Would you had won the fle  
hath lost !

*Por.* There are some shrewd con  
same paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's

And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart : When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?  
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

*Sal.*

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it : Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man :  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night :  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him  
swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

(1) The chief men.

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kin  
The best condition'd and unwearied spir  
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appear  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What,  
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bo  
Double six thousand, and then treble the  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault  
First, go with me to church, and call me  
And then away to Venice to your friend  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have g  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over  
When it is paid, bring your true friend :  
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean tim  
Will live as maids and widows. Come,  
For you shall hence upon your wedding  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merr  
Since you are dear bought, I will love yo  
But let me hear the letter of your friend

*Bass.* [*Reads.*] *Sweet Bassanio, my :  
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel,  
is very low, my bond to the Jew is for  
since, in paying it, it is impossible I sh  
all debts are cleared between you and I, i  
but see you at my death : notwithstanding  
your pleasure : if your love do not per  
to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, an

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to  
I will make haste : But, till I come  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain

**SCENE III.**—Venice. *A street. Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—  
*Gaoler, look to him.*

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause.  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>1</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone,  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am sure, the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law.  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,

(1) Foolish.

Will much impeach the justice of the state  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go  
 These griets and losses have so'bated me  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
 'Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio  
 To see me pay this debt, and then I care

*SCENE IV.*—Belmont. *A room in house. Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo and Balthazar.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in  
 sence,

You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity; which appears most  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband  
 I know, you would be prouder of the work  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good  
 Nor shall not now: for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together  
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love  
 There must be needs a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit  
 Which makes me think, that this Antonio  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
 Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself  
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things.  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return :  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
Not to deny this imposition ;  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart ;  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on  
you.

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well  
pleas'd

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—  
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give  
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.  
[*Exit.*]

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.*

Shall they see us ?

*Por.* They shall, —  
That they shall think we are  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee  
When we are both accoutred like you,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak, between the change of man and I  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing str  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint  
How honourable ladies sought my love;  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do withal; — then I'll repent  
And wish, for all that, that I had not k  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell  
That men shall swear I have discontin  
Above a twelvemonth: — I have with  
A thousand raw tricks of these brag  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Fie! what a question's t  
*Por.* Fie! what a lewd inter  
wert near a lewd inter  
thee all my  
wh

father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say ; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable to none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.



*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; And I do know.  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT IV.

*SCENE I.*—Venice. *A court of Justice. Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's<sup>1</sup> reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter Shylock.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought

---

(1) Hatred, malice.

Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse,<sup>1</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent<sup>2</sup> cruelty :  
And where<sup>3</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;

And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :  
But, say, it is my humour ;<sup>4</sup> Is it answer'd ?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping<sup>5</sup> pig ;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine ; For affection,<sup>6</sup>  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loaths : Now, for your answer :  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

(1) Pity. (2) Seeming. (3) Whereas.  
(4) Particular fancy. (5) Crying. (6) Prejudice.

y he, a swollen bag-pipe ; but of force  
 it yield to such inevitable shame,  
 'o offend, himself being offended ;  
 can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 e than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing  
 ar Antonio, that I follow thus  
 ming suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

ass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 excuse the current of thy cruelty.

hy. I am not bound to please thee with my  
 answer.

ass. Do all men kill the things they do not  
 love ?

hy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

ass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

hy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting  
 thee twice ?

nt. I pray you, think you question<sup>1</sup> with the  
 Jew :

may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
 may as well use question with the wolf,  
 y he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 vag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 en they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
 may as well do any thing most hard,  
 eek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
 Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 e no more offers, use no further means,  
 with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

ass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

hy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

e in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 ould not draw them, I would have my bond.

nts. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring  
 none ?

Be made as soon as you can, and let it  
Be season'd with such viands? You  
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer  
The pound of flesh, which I demand  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will  
If you deny me, fie upon your law  
There is no force in the decrees of  
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may die  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine  
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here  
A messenger with letters from the  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters ; Call

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio!  
courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood,

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, nak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can, t the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness sharp envy.<sup>1</sup> Can no prayers pierce thee?

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !

r thy life let justice be accus'd.

Almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

d opinion with Pythagoras,

souls of animals infuse themselves

e trunks of men : thy currish spirit

i'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

rom the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

itself in thee ; for thy desires

elfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

ut offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :

thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

eless ruin.—I stand here for law.

z. This letter from Bellario doth commend

g and learned doctor to our court :—

is he ?

. He attendeth here hard by,

ow your answer, whether you'll admit him.

z. With all my heart :—some three or four of you,

e him courteous conduct to this place.—

time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

rk reads.] *Your grace shall understand,*

*t the receipt of your letter, I am very sick :*

*the instant that your messenger came, in*

*visitation was with me a young doctor of*

*his name is Balthazar : I acquainted him*

*cause in controversy between the Jew and*

*Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law Cannot impugn<sup>1</sup> you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger,<sup>2</sup> do you not?

[To Antonio.]

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

Do you confess the bond?

*Por.*

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.*

Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

(1) Oppose.

(2) Reach or convey.

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
there.

*Shy.* My deed's upon my head ! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—



O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here ~~it is~~.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balances here, to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you:  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

*Shy.* And you must cut this Hebrew from my breast;

*Por.* The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—  
ed judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou dost

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—  
judge! —nav the bo

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy  
feiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel.  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeitu  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say thou stand'st :

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

'Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to ha  
thyself :

## MERCHANT OF

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the  
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state;  
*Duke.* That thou shalt see the differ-

spirit,  
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask;  
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;  
 The other half comes to the general;  
 Which humbleness may drive unto a

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for An-

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pa-  
 You take my house, when you do take  
 That doth sustain my house; you take  
 When you do take the means where

*Por.* What mercy can you render

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else

*Ant.* So please my lord the du-  
 court,

To quit the fine for one half of his  
 I am content, so he will let me have  
 The other half in use,—to render  
 Upon his death, unto the gentlen  
 That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—Th  
 He presently become a Christian  
 The other, that he do record a  
 Here in the court, of all he die  
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his

*Duke.* He shall do this; or  
 The pardon, that I late pronou

*Por.* Art thou contented, J  
 say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.*

*Shy.* I pray you, give me  
 I am not well; send the de  
 And I will sign it.

*Duke.*

*Gra.* In christening the  
 fathers; Get t

not the font.

[Exit Shylo

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon. I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke, magnificoes, and train.

Bass.. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend, Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above, Love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied; And I, delivering you, am satisfied, And therein do account myself well paid;

My mind was never yet more mercenary. Say you, know me, when we meet again; I sh you well, and so I take my leave.

Bas. Dear sir, of force I must  
ther:

You teach me how a beggar should be.  
*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me  
And, when she put it on, she made me  
That I should neither sell, nor give, no  
*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men  
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd it  
She would not hold out enemy for ever  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be

[*Exeunt Portia &*

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have  
Let his deservings, and my love with  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's command

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if  
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make

[*E*

Come, you and I will thither presently  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>1</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you :—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To Portia.*  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant : We shall have  
old swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house ? [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

*SCENE I.*—Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's house.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright :—In such a night  
as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

(1) Reflection.



Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.*

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.*

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew :  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.*

Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.*

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did nobody care  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter Stephano.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?  
*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name ?  
you, friend ?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name ; and I tell  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.*

Who comes ?  
*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, as  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not seen  
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter Launcelot.*

*Laun.* Solo, solo, wo ha, ho, &c.

Scene 1.

VENICE.

317

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning.

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming. [Exit.]

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>1</sup> of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive: [Music.]  
do but note a wild and wanton herd,

1) A small flat dish, used in the administration  
of the Eucharist.

By the sweet power of  
Did feign that Orpheus drew  
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard,  
But music for the time doth cheer  
The man that hath no music in  
Nor is not mov'd with concord  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and  
The motions of his spirit are dark  
And his affections dark as Erebus  
Let no such man be trusted.—

*Enter Portia and Nerissa*

*Por.* That light we see, is but  
How far that little candle thro'  
So shines a good deed in a naughty

*Ner.* When the moon shone  
candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory  
A substitute shines brightly as  
Until a king be by ; and then  
Empties itself, as doth an inflamed  
— of waters. Mus

To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*]

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands'  
welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket<sup>1</sup> sounds.*]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day-light  
sick,  
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their fol-  
lowers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my  
friend.—

(1) A flourish on a trumpet.

NT OF

antonio,  
ely bound.  
ll sense be much bound to

much bound for you.  
I am well acquitted of.  
ery welcome to our house:  
er ways than words,  
is breathing courtesy.<sup>1</sup>  
nd Nerissa seem to talk apart.  
moon, I swear, you do me

o the judge's clerk:  
elt that had it, for my part,  
it, I've, so much at heart.  
h, ho ready? what's the matter?  
hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
ce me; whose posy was  
ld, like cutler's poetry  
*Love me, and leave me not.*  
talk you of the posy, or the value?  
me, when I did give it you,  
ould wear it till your hour of death;  
ould lie with you in your grave:  
for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
have been respective,<sup>2</sup> and have kept it.  
udge's clerk!—but well I know,  
will ne'er wear hair on his face, that  
had it.

le will, an if he live to be a man.  
Ay, if a woman live to be a man.  
Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
ner than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
ing boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
d not for my heart deny it him.  
r. You were to blame, I must be plain with  
you,

Verbal, complimentary form. (2) Regarding

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it,  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my  
house:  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you:  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him then;  
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome  
notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:  
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;<sup>1</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
[To Portia.]

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;  
And bid him keep it better than the other:

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this  
ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:  
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;  
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here  
Shall witness; I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;



There you shall find, three of your arg  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange ac  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I  
not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to  
cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the clerk that never me  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my  
When I am absent, then lie with my w

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given m  
living ;

For here I read for certain, that my shi  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now,

My clerk hath some good comforts too f

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him  
fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gi  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morni

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full : Let us go in ;

And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so : The first intergate  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rath  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to d

But were the day come, I should wish it  
That I were couching with the doctor's

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Of the Merchant of Venice the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.



**AS YOU LIKE IT.**

Orlando, )

Adam, }

Dennis, } *servants to Oliver.*

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*

Corin, }

Sylvius, } *shepherds.*

William, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

*A person representing Hymen.*

Rosalind; *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Celia. *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foresters,  
and other attendants.*

*The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.*

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

### ACT I.

*SCENE I.—An orchard, near Oliver's house.  
Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orlando.*

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helped  
which God made, a poor un-  
yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better  
naught a while.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs  
them? What prodigal portion  
should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you

*Orl.* O, sir, very well : he

*Oli.* Know you before wh

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I  
I know you are my eldest br  
the condition of blood, you  
The courtesy of nations all  
that you are the first-born ;  
takes not away my blood, v  
thers betwixt us : I have as  
me, as you ; albeit, I conf  
me is nearer to his reveren

*Oli.* What, boy !

take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast rail-ed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient ; for your fa-ther's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant, ob-scuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by tes-tament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thou-sand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis !

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship ?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*].—'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.



the duke's daughter; therefore he gives leave  
to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the duke  
be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter  
so loves her,—being ever from their  
together,—that she would have follow  
or have died to stay behind her. A  
court, and no less beloved of her un  
own daughter; and never two ladies  
they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in t  
Arden, and a many merry men wit  
there they live like the old *Robin Hood*  
they say, many young gentlemen flock  
day; and fleet the time carelessly, a  
the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow  
new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came  
you with a matter. I am given, sir

*Scene I.* AS YOU LIKE IT.

might stay him from his intendment, or such disgrace well as he shall run into; in is a thing of his own search, and altogether a my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to which thou shalt find I will most kindly requit: had myself notice of my brother's purpose he and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow in France; full of ambition, an envious emulator every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not nightly grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts<sup>2</sup> enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own

(1) Frolicsome fellow. (2) Of all ranks.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my  
merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I  
mistress of; and would you yet I were merry.  
Unless you could teach me to forget a banished  
father, you must not learn me how to remember:  
extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with  
full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy  
banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke  
father, so thou hadst been still with me, I  
have taught my love to take thy father for me,  
so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to  
were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my  
state, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but  
nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he  
thou shalt see his heir: for what he hath  
away from my father, I will render  
again in affection; to his honour, I will

*Scene II.*      **AS YOU LIKE IT.**

Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may  
forth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so; for her be-  
are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful  
woman doth most mistake in her gifts to wom

*Cel.* 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair  
scarce makes honest; and those, that she m-  
honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's of-  
to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the wor-  
not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair crea-  
ture, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—  
Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune,  
hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the ar-  
gument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for na-  
ture; when fortune makes nature's natural the cut-  
r off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work  
ther, but nature's; who perceiving our natural  
s too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent  
natural for our whetstone: for always the dull-  
of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How  
wit? whither wander you?

*uch.* Mistress, you must come away to your

Were you made the messenger?

*ch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to  
or you.

Where learned you that oath, fool?

*h.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his  
they were good pancakes, and swore by his  
he mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to  
ncakes were naught, and the mustard was  
id yet was not the knight forsworn.

ow prove you that, in the great heap of  
vledge?

honour, for he never had  
sworn it away, before ever  
or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is'

*Touch.* One that old F

*Cel.* My father's love  
Enough! speak no more  
for taxation, I one of the

*Touch.* The more pity  
wisely, what wise men c

*Cel.* By my troth, thou  
little wit, that fools have  
foolery, that wise men h  
Here comes Monsieur L

*Enter I*

*Ros.* With his mouth

*Cel.* Which he will put  
their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be

*Cel.* All the better; w  
ketable. *Bon jour, Mo*

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old snell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze<sup>1</sup> me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas !

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another doted upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

(1) Perplex, confuse

stay and see.

*Flourish. Enter Duke F. do, Charles, and attendants.*

*Duke F.* Come on; since the youth will entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young: yet he li  
cessfully.

*Duke F.* How now daughter, and co  
you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege: so please you gi

*Duke F.* You will take little delight  
tell you, there is such odds in the men  
the challenger's youth, I would fain d  
but he will not be entreated: Speak t  
see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsie

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challe  
call for you.

them, with all res  
you chi

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown. Shout.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?



*Duke*

man else.

The world esteem'd thy father  
But I did find him still mine-er  
Thou should'st have better p  
deed,

Had'st thou descended from a  
But fare thee well; thou art  
I would, thou had'st told me

[*Exeunt Duke Fred*

*Cel.* Were I my father, c

*Orl.* I am more proud to  
His youngest son;—and v  
calling,

To be adopted heir to Fre

*Ros.* My father lov'd sin

And all the world was of

Had I before known this y

I should have given him t

Ere he should thus have

*Cel.*

Let us go thank him, and

father's rough and c

*Scene II.*      **AS YOU LIKE IT.**      341

*Cel.*      Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,  
Is but a quintain,<sup>1</sup> a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back : My pride fell with my  
fortunes :

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.*      Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon  
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter Le Beau.*

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;  
Yet such is now the duke's condition,<sup>2</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by  
manners;  
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:  
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

(1) The object to dart at in martial exercises.

(2) Temper, disposition.

Grounded upon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her v  
 And pity her for her good father's sake  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare y  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you; fare

[*Exit*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the sn  
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brothe  
 But heavenly Rosalind!

*SCENE III.—A room in the pala  
 Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—  
 mercy!—Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious  
 away upon curs, throw some of them at  
 lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousin  
 when the one should be lamed with re  
 the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it for my child's  
 how full of briers is this working-day v

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, th  
 thee in holiday foolery; if we walk  
 trodden paths, our very petticoats will c

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat;  
 are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try; if I could cry hen  
 him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy a

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a bette  
 than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you  
 time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning

out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke Frederick, with lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

*Ros.*

Me, uncle?

*Duke F.*

You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.*

I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic  
'As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.*

Thus do all traitors;  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;  
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's  
enough.

(1) Inveterately.

er.  
name;  
I seem more

my lips;

is banish'd.  
hen on me, my

ut, niece, provide

ne honour,  
d, you die.  
ederick and lords.  
ither wilt thou go?

th.

And with a  
The like do  
And never

Ras.

Because that I  
That I did suit

A gallant curtle

A boar-spear in

Lie there what hidden

We'll have a swashin

As many other mannish

That do outface it with

Cel. What shall I c  
man?

- (1) A dusky, yell
- (2) Cutlass.

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly.

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber<sup>1</sup> smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe<sup>2</sup> upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)

We'll have a swashing<sup>3</sup> and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a  
man?

(1) A dusky, yellow-coloured earth.

(2) Cutlass. (3) Swaggering.

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* on page,

And therefore look you call me, *Ganymede*.

But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state  
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: Now go we in content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

*SCENE I.—The forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in  
exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet'  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it: Happy is your  
grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city,—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>1</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*1 Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;  
*Poor deer,* quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much:* Then, being alone,

(1) Barbed arrows.



Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend  
*'Tis right*, quoth he; *this misery doth*  
*The flux of company*: Anon, a careless  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
 And never stays to greet him; *Ay, quoth*  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens*  
*'Tis just the fashion*: *Wherefore do*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt*?  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth thro'  
 The body of the country, city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that  
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what  
 To fright the animals, and to kill them  
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-places.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this  
 plation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping  
 menting  
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the  
 I love to cope! him in these sullen fits,  
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

SCENE II.—*A room in the palace. Enter*  
*Frederick, Lords, and attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible, that none  
 them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that  
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber  
 Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning  
 They found the bed untreasur'd of the

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish<sup>2</sup> clown  
 so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also  
 Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

(1) Encounter.

(2) Scorn.

guesses that she secretly o'erheard  
 her daughter and her cousin much commend  
 the parts and graces of the wrestler  
 that did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;  
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
 That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant  
 hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
 I'll make him find him : do this suddenly :  
 And let not search and inquisition quail  
 To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE III.—Before Oliver's house. Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there ?

*Adam.* What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory<sup>2</sup>  
 Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?  
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?  
 Why would you be so fond<sup>3</sup> to overcome  
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?  
 No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it ?

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors ; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives :  
 Your brother—(no, no brother ; yet the son—  
 Yet not the son ;—I will not call him son—

(1) Sink into dejection.

(2) Memorial.

(3) Inconsiderate.

Abhor it, tear it, do not enter it

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam,  
me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so

*Orl.* What, would'st thou ha  
my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous  
A thievish living on the commo  
This I must do, or know not w  
Yet this I will not do, do how  
I rather will subject me to the  
Of a diverted blood,<sup>2</sup> and blood

*Adam.* But do not so: I  
crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under  
Which I did store, to be my fo  
When service should in my old  
And unregarded age in corner  
Take that: and He that doth t  
Yea, providently caters for the  
Be comfort to my age! Here i  
All this I give you: Let me be

In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man ; how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE IV.**—*The Forest of Arden. Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia drest like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you : yet I should bear no cross,<sup>1</sup> if I did

(1) A piece of money stamped with a cross.

bear you ; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone :—Look you who comes here ; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter* *Corin* and *Silvius*.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guess ;  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :  
But if thy love were ever like to mine  
(As sure I think did never man love so,)  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd :  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd ;  
Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd :—O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe* !

[*Exit Silvius*.]

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine : I remember, when I was  
in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and  
him take that for coming anight to Jane

(1) In the night.

and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>1</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale  
with me.

*Cl.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food;  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travail much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,

(1) The instrument with which washers beat clothes.

**Ros.** What is he that shall buy the noon-pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here  
crewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages: I like  
place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :  
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [

SCENE V.—*The same. Enter Amiens, Jacques, and others.*

**SONG.**

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*

Scene V.

*Jaq.* I thank  
suck melancholy  
eggs: More, I p

*Ami.* My voice  
please you.

*Jaq.* I do not d  
you to sing: Con  
you them stanzas?

*Ami.* What you

*Jaq.* Nay, I care  
me nothing: Will y

*Ami.* More at you

*Jaq.* Well then, i  
thank you: but that  
the encounter of two  
thanks me heartily, n  
penay, and he recor  
Come, sing; and yo  
tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end  
while; the duke will d  
hath been all this day t

*Jaq.* And I have beer  
He is too disputable<sup>2</sup> for  
as many matters as he; i  
and make no boast of the

SON

*Who doth ambition s  
And loves to live i' t  
Seeking the food he e  
And pleas'd with wha  
Come hither, come hither  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough we*

- (1) Ragged and rugged ha  
meaning.  
(2) Disputations.



*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame ;  
Here shall he see,  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to Ami.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducdame*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

**SCENE VI.**—*The same.* Enter Orlando and Adam.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death a while at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerly : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,<sup>1</sup> grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—  
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life  
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;—

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I : No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :

And then he drew a dial from his poke ;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*

*Thus may we see,* quoth he, *how the world wags :*

*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*

*And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;*

*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,*

*And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,*

*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !

(1) Made up of discords.

Which is as way —  
After a voyage, — he hath strange pieces gaw  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms: — O, that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.*

It is my only s  
Provided, that you weed your better judgment  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They **most** must laugh: And why, sir, must the  
The **why** is plain as way to parish church:  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth **very** foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and th

ou with license of free foot hast caught,  
st thou disgorge into the general world.

Why, who cries out on pride,  
an therein tax any private party?  
t not flow as hugely as the sea,  
at the very very means do ebb?  
woman in the city do I name,  
a that I say, The city-woman bears  
cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
en such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
what is he of basest function,  
at says, his bravery<sup>1</sup> is not on my cost  
inking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
s folly to the mettle of my speech?  
ere then; How, what then? Let me see wherein  
y tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
hen he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Inclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jag. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jag. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
hat in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,<sup>2</sup>  
And know some nurture:<sup>3</sup> But forbear, I say;  
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

(1) Finery.

(2) Well brought up.

(3) Good manners.

*Orl.* I am  
*Duke S.* Sit down at  
table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I  
thought that all things had been savage  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment: But whate'er  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of  
If ever you have look'd on better days  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd  
If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd  
And sat at good men's feasts; and  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd  
And therefore sit you down in grace  
And command what he will be mine

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits, and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden<sup>1</sup> and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern<sup>2</sup> instances,  
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*

*Duke S.* Welcome : set down your venerable  
burden,  
And let him feed.

(1) Violent.

(2) Trite, common.

Amiens six

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen  
Although thy breath  
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho !  
Most friendship is feigning  
Folly :  
Then, heigh, ho, the ho  
This life is most jolly*

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the water  
Thou art not so cold*

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is :  
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exe.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the palace. Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present? But look to it ;  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living,  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands :  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him  
out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent<sup>1</sup> upon his house and lands :  
Do this expediently,<sup>2</sup> and turn him going. [Exe.

SCENE II.—*The Forest. Enter Orlando, with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :  
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

(1) Seize by legal process. (2) Expedition.



*Enter Corin and*

*Cor.* And how like you this  
ter Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, it  
is a good life; but in respect  
of life, it is naught. In respect  
of life, it is very well; but in respect  
of life, it is a very vile life. Now in  
respect of life, it pleaseth me well; but  
in the court, it is tedious. As  
look you, it fits my humour well;  
more plenty in it, it goes much  
Hast thou any philosophy in this?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know  
sickens, the worse at ease he is  
wants money, means, and content  
good friends:—That the proper  
and fire to burn: That good  
sheep; and that a great cause  
of the sun: That he, that hath  
nature nor art, man.

aw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st  
manners, then thy manners must be wicked ;  
kickedness is sin, and sin is damnation : Thou  
in a parlous state, shepherd.

Not a whit, Touchstone : those, that are  
ministers, at the court, are as ridiculous in the  
, as the behaviour of the country is most  
le at the court. You told me, you salute  
the court, but you kiss your hands ; that  
would be uncleanly, if courtiers were  
do.

h. Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and  
lambkins, you know, are greasy.

h. Why, do not your courtier's hands  
and is not the grease of a mutton as whole-  
the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow : A  
instance, I say ; come.

Besides, our hands are hard.

h. Your lips will feel them the sooner.  
, again : A more sounder instance, come.

And they are often tarr'd over with the  
of our sheep ; And would you have us kiss  
the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

h. Most shallow man ! Thou worms-meat,  
next of a good piece of flesh : Indeed !—  
of the wise, and perpend : Civet is of a  
worth than tar ; the very uncleanly flux of a  
end the instance, shepherd.

You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

h. Wilt thou rest damn'd ? God help thee,  
man ! God make incision in thee ! thou art

Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I  
that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no  
happiness ; glad of other men's good, con-  
no my harm : and the greatest of my pride  
is my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

(1) Unexperienced.

will have no shepherds; I cannot  
thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master  
new mistress's brother.

*Enter Rosalind, reading.*

Ros. *From the east to western I  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted  
Through all the world bears  
All the pictures, fairest in  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mine  
But the fair<sup>2</sup> of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight  
diners, and suppers, and sleeping;  
it is the right butter-woman's rank.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after him,*

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

367

e very false gallop of verses; Why do  
yourself with them?  
ace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.  
Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.  
I graff it with you, and then I shall graff  
edlar: then it will be the earliest fruit  
ry: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half  
at's the right virtue of the medlar.  
You have said; but whether wisely or  
rest judge.

ter Celia, reading a paper.

ny sister, reading; stand aside.  
ould this desert silent be?  
it is unpeopled? No;  
s I'll hang on every tree,  
shall civil sayings show.  
no brief the life of man  
his erring pilgrimage;  
stretching of a span  
s in his sum of age.  
violated vows  
the souls of friend and friend:  
the fairest boughs,  
ery sentence' end,  
salinda write;  
all that read, to know  
sence of every sprite  
ould in little show.  
eaven nature charg'd  
body should be fill'd  
ices wide enlarg'd:  
esently distill'd  
; but not her heart;  
majesty;  
ter part;  
a's modesty.  
rave, solemn.

DO YOU LIKE IT.

Act III.

*osalind of many parts  
heavenly synod was devis'd ;  
y faces, eyes, and hearts,  
ive the touches! dearest priz'd.  
ould that she these gifts should have,  
ive and die her slave.*

gentle Jupiter !—what tedious ho-  
ve you wearied your parishioners  
ver cry'd, *Have patience, good*

ow ! back friends ;—Shepherd, go  
o with him, sirrah.

e, shepherd, let us make an honour-  
ough not with bag and baggage, yet  
scrippage. [*Exe. Cor. and Touch.*  
ou bear these verses ?

I heard them all, and more too ;  
em had in them more feet than the  
ear.

no matter ; the feet might bear the

t the feet were lame, and could not  
s without the verse, and therefore  
: the verse.

dst thou hear, without wondering  
should be hang'd and carv'd upon

seven of the nine days out of the  
you came ; for look here what I  
n-tree : I was never so be-rhymed  
as' time, that I was an Irish rat,  
rdly remember.

ou, who hath done this ?

nan ?

hain, that you once wore, about his  
you colour ?

ee, who ?

ord ! it is a hard matter for friends

(1) Features.

Scene II. AS YOU LIKE IT.

369

to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid?

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein

(1) Out of all measure.

(2) Speak seriously and honestly.

Q 2

Al.  
 went he? What makes he  
 me? Where remains he? How  
 thee? and when shalt thou see him again  
 me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's<sup>2</sup> mouth  
 first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this  
 age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars,  
 is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in the forest,  
 and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he  
 did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,<sup>3</sup> as to resolve  
 the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my  
 finding him, and relish it with a good observanc'  
 I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when  
 drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a w  
 knight. Though it be pity to see such  
 comes the ground.

Ros. To thy tongue, I f  
 alla! He was f

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I : but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yea, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>1</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world, but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

(1) An allusion to the moral sentences on old tapestry hangings.



...melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*—*Celia and Ros*

*Ros.* I will speak to him like  
and under that habit play the  
Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well; What would

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a

*Orl.* You should ask me, what  
no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true  
else sighing every minute, and  
would detect the lazy foot of time

*Orl.* And why not the swift  
not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir; Time  
paces with divers persons: I'll  
ambles withal, who time trots  
gallops withal, and who he stands

*Orl.* I pry'thee, who doth he

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with  
between the contract of her marriage  
it is solemnized: if the interim be

go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd<sup>1</sup> a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land<sup>2</sup> man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as half-pence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No ; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

(1) Sequestered.

(2) Civilized.

*Ros.* A lean cheek; which you have  
eye. and sunken; which you have  
questionable spirit; which you have  
neglected; which you have not  
you for that; for, simply, your habit  
a younger brother's revenue:—  
should be ungarter'd, your bonnet  
sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe un-  
thing about you demonstrating a care  
But you are no such man; you have  
device<sup>s</sup> in your accoutrements; as  
than seeming the lover of any other

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could  
believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may  
that you love believe it; which,  
apart to do, than to confess she  
of the points in the which women  
to their consciences. But, in good  
that hangs the verses on the trees  
kind is so admired?

ished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish<sup>1</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE III.*—*Enter Touchstone, and Audrey; Jaques at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch

(1) Variable.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inh  
Jove in a thatch'd house!

*Touch.* When a man's ven  
stood, nor a man's good wit s  
ward child, understanding, i  
dead than a great reckoning  
'Truly, I would the gods had

*Aud.* I do not know wha  
honest in deed, and word? Is

*Touch.* No, truly; for the  
most feigning; and lovers are  
what they swear in poetry, ma  
they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then, tha  
me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly: for thou  
art honest; now, if thou wert  
some hope thou didst feign

*Aud.* Would you not have

*Touch.* No truly, unless thou  
for honesty coupled to beauty

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting.—Horns! Even so:—Poor men alone;—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.<sup>1</sup> Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence<sup>2</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Here comes sir Oliver:—sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *What ye call't*:

(1) Lean deer are called rascal deer.

(2) The art of fencing.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act III.

How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'lld  
 me for your last company: I am very glad to see  
 you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray,  
 cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow,<sup>2</sup> sir, the horse  
 his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his  
 desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be  
 nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breed-  
 ing, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Go  
 you to church, and have a good priest that can't  
 you what marriage is: this fellow will but join y  
 together as they join wainscot; then one of  
 will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green tim  
 warp, warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were t  
 to be married of him than of another: for he  
 like to marry me well; and not being well m  
 it will be a good excuse for me hereafter t  
 my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me count  
*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in l  
 Farewell, good master Oliver;

Not—O sweet Oliver,  
 O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;  
 But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,  
 I will not to wedding wi' th

[*Exe. Jaq. Touch.*]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fant  
 of them all shall flout me out of my

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before*  
*Enter Rosalind and Cel*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will w

(1) God reward you.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

*Cel.* Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so ?

*Cel.* Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love ?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in ; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he

was



*Cor.* Mistress, and master,  
After the shepherd that cometh  
Who you saw sitting by me  
Praising the proud disdainful  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* We

*Cor.* If you will see a page  
Between the pale complexion  
And the red glow of scorn  
Go hence a little, and I shall  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come  
The sight of lovers feedeth  
Bring us unto this sight, and  
I'll prove a busy actor in the

*SCENE V.*—*Another part*  
*ter Silvius and*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not  
Phebe :

Say, that you love me not ;  
In bitterness : The common

pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 t eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,—  
 o shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
 ild be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
 ' I do frown on thee with all my heart ;  
 , if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill  
     thee ;

counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;  
 f thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
 not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :  
 tch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 e scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,  
 cicatrice and capable impressure  
 palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,  
 ch I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
 I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
 can do hurt.

l.                   O dear Phebe,  
 er (as that ever may be near,)  
 meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>1</sup>  
 shall you know the wounds invisible  
 love's keen arrows make.

ie.                   But, till that time,  
 e not thou near me : and, when that time comes,  
 rt me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
 ll that time, I shall not pity thee.

is. And why, I pray you ? [*Advancing.*] Who  
     might be your mother,  
 you insult, exult, and all at once,  
 the wretched ? What though you have more  
     beauty,

by my faith, I see no more in you  
 without candle may go dark to bed,)  
 you be therefore proud and pitiless ?  
 what means this ? Why do you look on me ?  
 no more in you, than in the ordinary  
 ature's sale-work :—Od's my little life !

(1) Love.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act III.

she means to tangle my eyes too:—  
 th, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 t your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
 ougle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
 can entame my spirits to your worship.—  
 foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
 foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 are a thousand times a properer man,  
 an she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,  
 at make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
 nd out of you she sees herself more proper,  
 'han any of her lineaments can show her.—  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
 So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.  
*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-  
 gether;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.  
*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness, and  
 she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as  
 fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll  
 sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you  
 upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me.  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my heart  
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—  
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her heart  
 Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him be-  
 And be not proud: though all the world cou-  
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
 Come, to our flock. [*Exe. Ros. Cel. &c.*]  
*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw  
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first.

*Scene V.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, *Sil*?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Sil*;

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extirmin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbour  
*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetous  
*Silvius*, the time was, that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense,  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me  
ere while?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old carlot<sup>1</sup> once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'tis but a peevish<sup>2</sup> boy:—yet he talks well;  
at what care I for words? yet words do well,  
Then he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—  
t, sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:  
'll make a proper man: The best thing in him  
is complexion; and faster than his tongue,  
make offence, his eye did heal it up.

(1) Peasant.

(2) Silly.

There be some women, Silvius, had th  
In parcels as I did, would have gon  
To fall in love with him : but, for n  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; a  
I have more cause to hate him than  
For what had he to do to chide at n  
He said, mine eyes were black, and  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'  
I marvel, why I answer'd not again  
But that's all one ; omittance is no c  
I'll write to him a very taunting lett  
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou,  
*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll wri  
The matter's in my head, and in m  
I will be bitter with him, and passin  
Go with me, Silvius.

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#### ACT IV.

*Jag.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;<sup>1</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jag.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jag.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>2</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, as

(1) Trifling.

(2) Undervalue.

my sight ; I had as lief

*Orl.* Of a snail ?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; I  
he carries his house on his back  
I think, than you can manage  
brings his destiny with him

*Orl.* What's that ?

*Ros.* Why, horns ; were you  
to be beholden to your fortune,  
armed in his fortune, and  
his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn  
is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your

*Cel.* It pleases him to  
Rosalind of a better leer

*Ros.* Come, woo me, I  
a holiday humour, and I  
What would you say to  
very very Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I would kiss, before

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.



*Ros.* You must begin,—

*Cel.* Go to :—Will you  
this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast

*Ros.* Then you must be  
*blind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind

*Ros.* I might ask you for  
—I do take thee, Orlando,  
a girl goes before the priest  
woman's thought runs before

*Orl.* So do all thoughts;

*Ros.* Now tell me, how  
her, after you have possessed

*Orl.* For ever, and a day

*Ros.* Say a day, without  
Orlando; men are April when  
when they wed: maids are  
maids, but the sky changes  
I will be more jealous of thee

*Ja*: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors  
open a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-  
ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole;  
stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he  
might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till  
you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's  
bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse  
that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there.  
You shall never take her without her answer, un-  
less you take her without her tongue. O, that  
woman that cannot make her fault her husband's  
occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for  
she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave  
thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two  
hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two  
o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew  
what you would prove; my friends told me as  
much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue  
of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and  
so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so  
—God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not  
dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise,  
or come one minute behind your hour, I will think  
you the most pathological break-promise, and the  
most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her  
you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the  
gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my  
censure, and keep your promise.

(1) Bar the doors.

plucked over your head, and show the  
the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little  
thou didst know how many fathom de  
love! But it cannot be sounded; my aff  
an unknown bottom, like the bay of Po

*Cel.* Or rather bottomless; that as f  
your affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard  
that was begot of thought,<sup>1</sup> conceived  
and born of madness; that blind rascal  
abuses every one's eyes, because his o  
let him be judge, how deep I am in  
tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of th  
Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and s  
come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

**SCENE II.**—*Another part of the For  
Jaques and Lords, in the habit of F*

*Enter ALIENA, ROSALIND, CELINDA, and JAQUES.*

SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;* } *The rest*  
*It was a crest ere thou wast born;* } *shall bear*  
*1. Thy father's father wore it;* } *this burden.*  
*2. And thy father bore it:*

*All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*  
*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.* [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Forest. Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

*Enter Silvius.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—  
 My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*

*I know not the contents; but, as I guess,*  
*By the stern brow, and waspish action*  
*Which she did use as she was writing of it,*  
*It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,*  
*I am but as a guiltless messenger.*

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
 She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
 She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me  
 Were man as rare as phoenix; O'd's my will!  
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
 Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well  
 This is a letter of your own device.

She has a huswife's hand : but that's not  
I say, she never did invent this letter ;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel  
A style for challengers ; why, she defies  
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gent  
Could not drop forth such giant rude in  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance :—Will you  
letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty

*Ros.* She Phebes me : Mark how  
writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd*

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*

*Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move?  
He, that brings this love to thee,  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.  
—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make  
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon  
thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to  
her (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and  
say this to her:—That if she love me, I charge  
her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have  
her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true  
lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more  
company. [Exit Silvius.]

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you  
know  
Where, in the purlieus<sup>2</sup> of this forest, stands  
A sheepcote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom,  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place;  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

(1) Nature.

(2) Environs of a forest.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then I should know you by description ;  
Such garments, and such years : *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,  
And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both ;  
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin ;<sup>1</sup> Are you he ?

*Ros.* I am : What must we understand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from  
you,

He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself !  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast,  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :

(1) Handkerchief.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same  
brother;  
And he did render<sup>1</sup> him the most unnatural,  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might do so,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,<sup>2</sup>  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As, how I came into that desert place:—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

(1) Describe.

(2) Scuffle.



*Oli.* Many will swoon &  
blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it :

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I

*Cel.* We'll lead you thit  
I pray you, will you take h

*Oli.* Be of good cheer,  
You lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it  
think this was well counte  
your brother how well I  
bo!—

*Oli.* This was not count  
testimony in your comple  
sion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assu

*Oli.* Well then, take a g  
feit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i'fai  
woman by right.

*Cel.* Come. you look pa

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

*Enter William.*

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me, to see a clown : By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age ; Is thy name William ?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name : Wast born i'the forest here ?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* *Thank God* ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

*Will.* 'Faith, sir, so, so.

*Touch.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Give me your an-

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this  
have: For it is a figure  
being poured out of a cup  
the one doth empty the oth  
do consent, that *ipse* is he  
for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that m  
Therefore, you clown, ab  
vulgar, leave,—the societ  
is, company,—of this fem  
mon is,—woman, which t  
society of this female; or,  
or, to thy better underst  
kill thee, make thee away  
death, thy liberty into b  
poison with thee, or in t  
will bandy with thee in fac  
with policy; I will kill  
ways; therefore tremble,

SCENE II.—*The same. Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but

*Orl.* They shall be married & will bid the duke to the nuptial. 'Tis a thing it is to look into happy other man's eyes! By so much the more shall I think my brother what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by

*Ros.* I will weary you no longer by talking. Know of me then (for some purpose,) that I know you of good conceit: I speak not to bear a good opinion of my knowledge, I say, I know you are; neither greater esteem than may in a draw a belief from you, to do not to grace me. Believe therefore I can do strange things: I have years old, conversed with a man found in this art, and yet not

*Scene II.*      **AS YOU LIKE IT.**      **401**

in your best array, bid<sup>l</sup> your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study,  
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of phantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[To Rosalind.]

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[To Phebe.]

(1) Invite.

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *Why blame you to love you?*

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I help you, [*To Silvius.*] if I can:—I would you, [*To Phebe.*] if I could.—To-morrow me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phebe.*] if I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando.*] if ever I sat man, and you shall be married to-morrow will content you, [*To Silvius.*] if what pl you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To Orlando.*] love Rose meet;—as you [*To Silvius.*] love Phebe, And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, far well; I have left your commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.*

*Nor I.*

*Orl.*

*Nor I.* [

**SCENE III.—The same.** *Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: a hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to woman of the world.<sup>1</sup> Here comes two of banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met: Come, and a song.

(1) A married woman.

**Scene III. AS YOU LIKE IT.**

**403**

*2 Page.* We are for you : sit i'the middle.

*1 Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*2 Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

**SONG.**

**I.**

*It was a lover, and his lass,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass*

*In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

**II.**

*Between the acres of the rye,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.*

**III.**

*This carol they began that hour,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.*

**IV.**

*And therefore take the present time,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime,  
In spring time, &c.*



Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

once more, whiles our compact is  
hold :—

bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*  
stow her on Orlando here?

That would I, had I kingdoms to give  
with her.

And you say, you will have her, when I  
bring her? [*To Orlando.*

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.  
You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To Phebe.*

That will I, should I die the hour after.  
But, if you do refuse to marry me,

Give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?  
So is the bargain.

You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she  
will? [*To Silvius.*

Jaq. These couple  
these couple  
a pair of ve  
are called

Touch.

Jaq. G  
the motle  
met in th  
swears.

Touch  
to my p  
flattered  
friend,



**Scene IV. AS YOU LIKE IT. 405**

**Sil.** Though to have her and death were both one thing.

**Ros.** I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—  
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;  
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exit Ros. and Cel.*]

**Duke S.** I do remember in this shepherd-boy some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

**Orl.** My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter :  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

**Jaq.** There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

**Touch.** Salutation and greeting to you all !

**Jaq.** Good my lord, bid him welcome ; This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

**Touch.** If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have under-

(1) A stately solemn dance.

three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up ?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear ; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks :—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will : Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

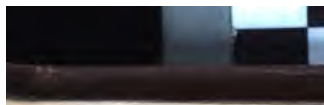
*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed ;—Bear your body more seeming,<sup>1</sup> Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : This is called the *retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : This is called the *quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : This is called the *reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : This is called the *reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : This is called the *countercheck quarrelsome* : and so to the *lie circumstantial*, and the *lie direct*.

(1) Seemly.



Scene IV. AS YOU LIKE IT. 407

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the *lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *if you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia. Still music.*

*Hym.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither;  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Duke S.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orl.*

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then,—my love, adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To Duke S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.<sup>1</sup>

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You [*To Phebe.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

(1) Unless truth fails of veracity.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown ;  
O blessed bond of board and bed !  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;  
High wedlock then be honoured :  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town !*

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.<sup>1</sup>

[*To Silvius.*

*Enter Jaques de Bois.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or  
two ;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :

(1) Bind.

S

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun, and well begot:  
 And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaques.* Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,  
 The duke hath put on a religious life,  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaques de B.* He hath.

*Jaques.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
 You to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To Duke S.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—  
 You [*To Orlando.*] to a love, that your true faith  
 doth merit:—

You [*To Oliver.*] to your land, and love, and great  
 allies:—

You [*To Silvius.*] to a long and well-deserved  
 bed:—

And you [*To Touchstone.*] to wrangling; for thy  
 loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaques.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would  
 have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these  
 rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*


## EPILOGUE.

os. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine is no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good epilogues; and good plays prove the better by the use of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am furnished<sup>1</sup> like a beggar, therefore to beg will become me: my way is, to conjure you; and begin with the women. I charge you, O women, the love you bear to men, to like as much of play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,<sup>2</sup> and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, on I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

(1) Dressed.

(2) That I liked.





their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of buffoonery than in some other plays; and the part is elegant and harmonious. By haste to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppresses the dialogue between the usurper and the hero, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral which he might have found matter worth the highest powers.

JOHN

END OF VOL. II.

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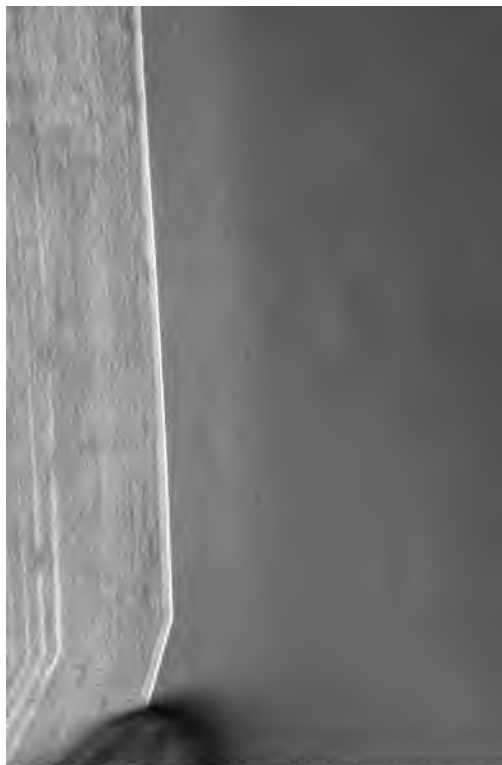


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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in a columnar fashion. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with the names on the left and the addresses on the right. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with the names on the left and the addresses on the right.

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